

# THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

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## ON THE APPROACHING SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

A MOMENTOUS Session of Parliament is about to open in a few days, one which, if the indications which are plainly visible in the political horizon do not deceive us, will surpass any we have for some years witnessed in animated and important discussions. That they will be animated, we infer from the evident state of excitement of the different political parties which compose our legislature; our opinion, that they will be important in their results, we derive from the light in which we view the situation of his Majesty's Ministers relatively to those parties, and to the country at large. We cannot, indeed, call to our recollection any time at which the mere discussions (for we do not speak of the divisions, or votes, of either of the Houses of Parliament) exercised a more commanding influence over the Government of the state than those of the present Session are, in our opinion, likely to do. That there should exist in the liberal party of all denominations an extraordinary degree of excitement and energy at the present moment is indeed not surprising. Ever since the accession of the Duke of Wellington to the office of Prime Minister, they have been lulled into an almost unprecedented inactivity. Whether this has been the result of inconceivable credulity on their part, or of eminent dexterity on the part of his Grace, it is not our intention to discuss. But, however well or ill founded their hopes and expectations may have been, either at the opening or at the close of the late Session of Parliament, those hopes and expectations are now gone. The dispositions and intentions of his Majesty's Government must be manifest to the most short-sighted. The most eminent political profligacy can scarcely keep up the affectation of blindness. It is impossible not to perceive that, at the present moment, the expression of the Prime Minister's intention upon the Catholic Question (and expressed it has now been in terms not to be misunderstood) determines the character of his government, and the consequent degree of confidence, or even forbearance, which it is likely to obtain from the liberal party in Parliament. For, as the legislature of this country is constituted, an administration hostile to Catholic Emancipation must necessarily and inevitably be to a greater or less degree hostile to liberal and enlightened policy both at home and abroad. Upon whom, we would ask, must it rest for support?—

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If we call over the muster-roll of the great *parliamentary interests*, upon whose numerous squadrons an anti-Catholic government must depend for its ministerial existence; and if, in order to infer the future conduct of those important interests from the past, (and we know no other mode of calculating upon it,) we take a retrospect of the measures they supported or opposed; of their strenuous support of the worst; of their reluctant acquiescence in those of a less objectionable character; and of their violent opposition to the best, we shall come to the melancholy conclusion, that the formidable list of Marquesses, Clintons, Percys, Cecils, Seymours, Lowthers, Gordons, Murays, and Beresfords, is a sufficient guarantee that everything like improvement at home, everything like sympathy for the cause of liberty abroad, will meet with determined hostility from ministers who have invoked the aid of these persons, and who hold office at their mercy.

But the Catholic Question, considered of itself, and independent of deductions which may be drawn from the intentions of Government upon that, to their intentions upon any other given measure of policy or legislation, has at the present conjuncture assumed an importance which we may venture to say entitles the disposition of our Prime Minister towards it, to settle at once the question of the degree of support or confidence to be given to, or reposed in his administration.

Let us examine, then, the question of what those dispositions are. We must do this historically. The Duke of Wellington, after having been all his life the constant opponent of Catholic emancipation, some weeks after his appointment to office, turned out the only men in his cabinet upon whom the Catholics could rely for anything like efficient support; and a few days after, at a period when the crazy bark of his administration was by no means prepared (we doubt whether it is so yet) for a political tempest, made an ambiguous jesuitical speech upon the Catholic Question, a speech carefully constructed with sedulous attention to the exclusion of anything like an opinion; and so happily executed was this performance, that both parties, each putting their own construction upon the sentences, thus left as *bona vacantia* for any one who could fit them with a meaning, claimed his Grace as their own. The substantial object of the speech was obtained. The remainder of the Session passed off quietly, but the greater wonders which it effected were reserved for the period of the recess.

The friends of the Catholics were so persuaded of the reality of those intentions and dispositions on the part of the Prime Minister,—intentions and dispositions which they had attributed to him, for no better assignable reason than because he had professed to have no intentions or dispositions at all;—so confident were they in the accuracy of their commentary upon his ambiguous text,—a commentary so fanciful as to put us in mind of nothing so forcibly as of Puff's explanation of the voluminous meaning of Lord Burleigh's nod;—so sure did they make themselves that the minister was actually engaged in the good work, that scarcely a week of that period passed by but some one or other of these true believers as-



tonished our weak minds by a detail of the progress of his Grace towards the accomplishment of his design. He was pictured to us as engaged in discussing delicate points of ecclesiastical policy with Irish Catholic prelates; quieting the fears of bishops, whose inflexibility was not confirmed by their arrival at the summit of episcopal expectation; remonstrating firmly, but respectfully, against conscientious scruples in the "highest quarters;"—sending the Duke of Buckingham and Mr. Wilmot Horton to negotiate with no less a personage than the Pope himself, while the Solicitor-General was engaged in turning the ingenious pamphlet of the latter gentleman into an Act of Parliament. Signs and wonders like these—signs and wonders little short of the miracles of Prince Hohenlohe himself, were every day presenting themselves to our astounded senses. But, at last, the curtain was drawn up, and disclosed, perhaps sooner than was intended or desired by those behind it, the real nature of the drama which was in preparation. The celebrated letter of the Duke of Wellington was intended, we doubt not, by its celebrated composer, to keep up that patient, forbearing and expectant confidence, the existence of which it was so much his interest to prolong. The attempt we must consider as eminently unfortunate. The letter, an imitation of the speech, when compared to it as a specimen of the jesuitical proficiency of the author, was a very inferior performance. It disclosed a great deal too much. At the first glance, indeed, the appearance of the letter was not such as at once to put to flight all the agreeable hallucinations in which the Catholics had been indulging. But if we examine its contents more closely, and advert to the statement of the difficulties of the question which are there presented to us by his Grace, and the singularly comical expedient by which he proposes to surmount them; and, moreover, take his acts and conduct as a commentary upon his expressions, so far from being led to believe that the statesman, who could put such sentiments upon paper as the result of his meditations, had really at heart the final settlement of the question, and with that object had been giving up his mind to the consideration of the means of attaining it, we find it a hard matter to persuade ourselves that either a final settlement of the question, the difficulties in its way, or the method of surmounting those difficulties, have ever seriously occupied his mind at all. What difficulties? and what an expedient? Party feeling and violence in discussion, forsooth, are the difficulties! These are the impediments which are said to paralyze the exertions of "an upright and straightforward statesman;" a "man of courage and decision;" of a Prime Minister at the head of "a firm and united administration," whose mind is made up upon the merits of the question, and who is "anxious to witness a settlement, which, by benefiting the state, would confer a benefit upon every individual belonging to it"—and delay!—a further time for a "diligent consideration" of those difficulties, is the much sought after expedient! when every day, every hour of that delay necessarily and inevitably increases that very violence and agitation of which he affects to complain. We say *affects* to complain; for what conclusion are we to come to as to his sincerity, when his Grace alleges "party spirit and violence pervad-

ing every discussion of the question" as a much to be lamented difficulty; while he himself has been contemplating ever since the summer, and has at last carried into effect, a measure, which, beyond any event which has happened within this last twelvemonth, has tended to increase that very party feeling and violence which he laments as insuperable obstacles to Catholic Emancipation! Instead of being engaged in the deep meditations and profound schemes which the romantic imaginations of our confident politicians had assigned as the benevolent occupations of a vigorous mind, bending all its energies towards effecting the restoration of the Catholics to the rights of British subjects, the Duke, as far as we have any evidence of his Grace's autumnal avocations, has been compassing and imagining, by all possible subtle devices, the recal of that nobleman, the permanency of whose administration as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was the best chance for the preservation of the tranquillity of that unhappy country;—studying and contriving how to purge his administration of the only remaining minister whose high sense of honour and political integrity would not admit those considerations which are ever uppermost in the thoughts of low and narrow minded politicians, as an excuse for the delay of a measure which is the foundation upon which alone it is possible to build reasonable hopes of the tranquillity of Ireland; and as if anything were wanting to confirm our opinion as to his sincerity, appointing the Duke of Northumberland as the successor of Lord Anglesea. If, indeed, the recal of that Nobleman had arisen from any other error or disqualification than that of his being the honest, and, therefore, (in the Prime Minister's opinion,) the too importunate advocate of the Catholics, which we have good reason to know that it did not, why then not at least endeavour to appoint some one else with similar opinions upon that important subject? Why, in making the first offer of the vacant post, has he gone amongst the ranks of the best known and most powerful of the anti-Catholics? Or, are we still to feed our hopes and cherish our expectations by the supposition that the selection of the Duke of Northumberland was the result of a determination of the Prime Minister to appoint the whole anti-Catholic aristocracy, one after the other, to the viceroyalty, for the purpose of conversion? Should this chance to be the object of his Grace, however ingenious the scheme, we fear that, for his first experiment, the choice has been peculiarly unfortunate.

We wonder whether his Grace can lead himself to imagine that it will be practicable any longer to keep up the delusion? that the friends of the Catholics can have the least disposition, when such has been the result of the employment of his leisure hours, to entrust *him* with further time for a similar "diligent consideration" of the difficulties of the question; or can flatter themselves with the hope that, when he proposes to "bury the question in oblivion for a time," he has any other view than to get rid of those discussions and those parliamentary difficulties which might endanger himself and his colleagues in the peaceful occupation and enjoyment of their official dignities. The anxiety to carry on the game of dissimulation, which he still manifests, would induce us to believe, that, in some



quarters at least, he does not despair of its success. Neutrality, or at least the neutrality of his cabinet, may, for ought we care, be professed by the Prime Minister; it is the plea urged by those politicians who, while they adhere to or support his administration, still call themselves friends to the Catholics.

We shall not now stop to enquire whether the "principles of Lord Liverpool's government" (a phrase which we have so often heard repeated, and of which we have as often been unable to ascertain the precise meaning—but which, whether it have a meaning or not, has been used by the Duke of Wellington to denote the principles of his own) were, or were not principles of neutrality;—or whether, indeed, neutrality properly so called ever did or ever could exist upon this vital question in any cabinet. Even admitting for the sake of argument that such a neutrality ever effectually existed, we confess that, in the present state of Ireland, such a thing as a neutral cabinet appears to us utterly impossible.

The aspect of the Catholic question has changed since the day when it occupied the attention of a few politicians for a few hours in the course of the year. What was then the subject of an occasional debate in the Houses of Parliament, or of an occasional dinner or meeting of politicians "out of doors," *now* is the incessant occupation and employment of a WHOLE PEOPLE, who are bent heart and soul upon the attainment of an object of paramount importance. The question is not now to be argued upon abstract theories of political justice or expediency, or upon speculative contemplations of future dangers or advantages; but upon the actual state of Ireland. The administration must be called upon to declare whether they *will* or *will not* leave seven millions of the subjects of Great Britain waiting upon the very brink of rebellion for the first favourable opportunity which will enable them to effect their own emancipation by the dismemberment of the Empire; whether they will continue, or not, to trust the peace of the kingdom, not to the law—not to the magistrate, but to the frail security of the discretion and forbearance of political leaders directing and controlling a discontented and irritated people; whether they will or will not leave the Catholic Association *de facto* exercising the functions of government, and only waiting for a fitter day to declare that henceforth it will do so *de jure*.—We cannot believe it possible that men with heads upon their shoulders should choose the former of these alternatives. A minister or a party may possibly think it right to put an end to this imminent danger, by the adoption of "vigorous measures;" by exciting the irritated feelings of the Irish Catholics to such a pitch of exasperation as to drive them into rebellion at a time when the English government is best prepared for it, rather than consent to lay the foundation of the union, peace, and tranquillity of the British Empire, by admitting within the pale of its constitution, seven millions of its subjects, whom an iniquitous and senseless law excludes from the rights and privileges of Englishmen.

We believe, and indeed for the sake of the party we hope, that there are many of those politicians who are calling aloud for the adoption of what they term "vigorous measures" directed against

the Catholics and their leaders, who do not thereby intend civil war, massacre, and extermination; who do not contemplate a renewal of the scenes which succeeded the rebellion, and a re-enactment of the penal laws. There are some who do.—But of the former class we would ask what is it they mean? If they mean any measures short of those which would bring on an immediate appeal to the sabre and the bayonet—an appeal which we are every day told (as our fathers were told with similar confidence before the memorable appeal which terminated in the independence of the United States) could only be decided one way; they would be measures which could only tend to aggravate the irritation in Ireland and to increase the power and activity of their antagonists. Such measures would plainly leave matters worse, both as regards the tranquillity and the allegiance of Ireland.

To leave the tranquillity and allegiance of Ireland thus at the mercy of events and in the custody of its present guardians, we have ventured to state our belief cannot be the wish or intention of any government. But if we should be mistaken in this; if it should be possible that it is the present wish and intention of His Majesty's ministers to leave things as they are, can these intentions hold? For our part, we are persuaded that, composed and supported as the present administration is, they cannot. A minister of this nation, especially one who has chosen for his colleagues men of little talent, of little weight or estimation in the country, must be content to obey the party who support him, and by their opinions and inclinations we may pretty accurately anticipate his measures. But why, if he has already made his choice; if he has selected the party adverse to the Catholics and bent upon the adoption of "vigorous measures" against them,—and he has, no doubt, selected them as being the party whose superior parliamentary influence is, in his opinion, most likely to uphold his administration,—why, it may be asked, does he still persevere in attempting to keep up the illusion of a favourable disposition towards the settlement of the Catholic question? The fact is, that strong as the aristocratic party who support the Duke of Wellington may render him as to numerical force,—sure as he may think himself of parliamentary majorities, he feels himself unprepared to encounter, at the present moment, an opposition so formidable in point of numbers, rank, influence, and talent, as that which a discovery of his hostility to the introduction of any measure for the relief of the Catholics could not fail to array against him. In the last Session of Parliament the Prime Minister and his colleagues had an easy task; it is, indeed, easy to conquer—to "march on victorious," when we "meet no enemy to fight withal." But the idea that, in the face of an active and united opposition, the operations of an English administration, possessed as we are of legislative and deliberative assemblies, can be conveniently carried on by a minister who has no powers of debate,—although it is a pleasant conceit in which some sapient panegyrists of our taciturn Premier have chosen to indulge themselves,—it is an idea not likely to find a place in the imagination of his Grace; whose estimation, however, we are ready to admit, of his own qualifications for the situation he fills is not



formed upon too low a scale. He is too well aware of those considerations, founded upon the practical detail of parliamentary business, which render it necessary, or at least highly desirable for him and his colleagues to get over the early part of the session unembarrassed by the active hostility of a powerful opposition, not to wish to prolong as far as possible the tranquil confidence of his political antagonists. The experiment is, at all events, worth trying. If he intends to propose any measures in the nature of those to which we have already adverted as the favourite schemes of his present supporters, in the event of the success of the experiment he is now making, the approaching end of the session (to which he will no doubt defer them) will narrow the field of hostile operations. Excuses will not be wanting for his having so long delayed to bring forward measures of such importance, or numerical majorities to carry them through the legislature. If he intends to persevere in a system of inaction; if he intends to trust the tranquillity of Ireland to the chapter of accidents, and the continuance of his own power to fortune, the great desideratum of such a scheme of policy is attained. Time is gained. The evil hour is, at least, put off. And should the experiment fail, should the liberal party (as we sincerely trust and believe they will) manifest a determination to be no longer satisfied and silenced by mysterious nods and ambiguous sentences, but to make use of that superior aptitude for parliamentary warfare which, as compared with ministers and their supporters, they individually and collectively possess, in harassing the operations of government, a change of policy—hazardous as the manœuvre may be—is still an expedient absolutely beyond the reach of the premier. He may still turn to the right about; and their leader, in his abandonment of his former opinions, may drag after him the amazed, confounded, and helpless anti-Catholics,—or may leave them, if they are obstinate, and place his last remaining hope in the support of their opponents. But, considering that by such a proceeding he would incur the danger of dissolving his administration, and the certainty of converting many of his present supporters, deceived and insulted as they would feel, into exasperated enemies, it is not to be expected that it should be contemplated by the Duke of Wellington, otherwise than as a resource to be thought of in the extremity of difficulty. In such an extremity he can only be placed by the cordial union and co-operation, and by the *early* and active exertions of that numerous and influential party which is composed of the true friends of civil and religious liberty.

## THE COLOSSEUM.

We write this word as the newspaper-advertisements have it, without any very distinct perception of its meaning. Whether the large circular building, with a massive Doric portico, in the Regent's Park, be named after the Coliseum at Rome, to which it does not bear the slightest resemblance; or whether its sponsors have a crotchet that they may construct a noun, Colosseum, to express something vast and colossal, we will not undertake to say. Our business is to describe the uses to which the building and its appurtenances are to be applied, as far as we can form an opinion from their present unfinished state.

The origin of this edifice is singularly curious. Mr. Horner, a meritorious and indefatigable artist, and as it should seem a man of great force of character, undertook, at the time of the repair of the ball and cross of St. Paul's, to make a series of panoramic sketches of London, from that giddy elevation. That he might overcome the difficulties which the smoke of the vast city ordinarily presented, he invariably commenced his labours immediately after sun-rise, before the lighting of the innumerable fires which pour out their dark and sullen clouds during the day, and spread a mantle over this wide congregation of the dwellings of men, which only midnight can remove. On a fine summer morning, about four o'clock, London presents an extraordinary spectacle. The brilliancy of the atmosphere,—the almost perfect stillness of the streets, except in the neighbourhood of the great markets,—the few living beings that pass along those lines which in the day are crowded like some vast mart, such as the drowsy watchman, the traveller hurrying to his distant starting place, the labourer creeping to his early work, or the debauchee reeling to his late bed—all these circumstances make up a picture which forcibly impresses the imagination. Wordsworth has beautifully painted a portion of this extraordinary scene in one of his finest sonnets. The freedom from interruption—the perfect loneliness in the heart of the busiest spot on earth—give to the contemplative Rambler through London at the hour when—

“All that mighty heart is lying still,”

a feeling almost of fancied superiority over the thousands of his fellow-mortals whose senses are steeped in forgetfulness. But how completely must Mr. Horner have felt this power, in his “lofty aëry”! Did the winds pipe ever so loud, and rock him to and fro in his wicker-basket, there he sat in lordly security, intently delineating, what few have seen—the whole of the splendid city—its palaces and its hovels, its churches and its prisons,—from one extremity to the other, spread like a map at his feet. Gradually the signs of life would be audible and visible from his solitary elevation. The one faint cry of the busy chapman swelling into a chorus of ardent competitors for public patronage—the distant roll of the solitary wain,



echoed, minute after minute, by the accumulation of the same sound, till all individual noise was lost in the general din—the first distant smoke rising like a spiral column into the skies, till column after column sent up their tribute to the approaching gloom, and the *one* dense cloud of London was at last formed, and the labours of the painter were at an end;—these were the daily objects of him who, before the rook went forth for his morning flight, was gazing upon the most extensive and certainly the most wonderful city of the world, from the highest pinnacle of a temple which has only one rival in majesty and beauty. The situation was altogether a solemn and an inspiring one;—and might well suggest and prolong that enthusiasm which was necessary to the due performance of the extraordinary task which the painter had undertaken.

Upon the outer circle of the Colosseum, rising perhaps to a height of about seventy feet, is spread Mr. Horner's panoramic view of London. The spectator ascends a flight of steps in the centre, till he arrives at an elevation which corresponds in size and situation with the external gallery which is round the top of the dome of St. Paul's. Not many persons, particularly ladies, can reach this elevation at the Cathedral, for the ascent is perilous, by dark and narrow ladders, misappropriately called staircases, amidst the timbers which form the frame-work of the dome. At the Colosseum the ascent is safe and easy; indeed, a luxurious contrivance has been made to raise the company to a height corresponding with the ball, by the aid of machinery: but this part of the plan is not yet in operation. Well, then, we have landed in the gallery, and are looking down Ludgate-hill (the height of this gallery in the original is two hundred and ninety feet, and the extreme height of the building three hundred and sixty-five feet\*); immediately beneath us is so much of the external dome as is visible from the gallery; and, beyond, are the great western pinnacles, executed with surprising truth. At present the verisimilitude of the picture is not entirely perfect, for there are unfinished parts, and artists still at work upon them; but wherever the panorama is complete, nothing is wanting to the most satisfactory identity. We are looking down Ludgate-hill. How the streets are filled with the toil and turmoil of commerce! Turn to the right, the struggle is there going forward; turn to the left, it is there also. Look from the west to the east, and let the eye range along the dark and narrow streets that crowd the large space from Cheapside to the Thames—all are labouring to fill their warehouses with the choicest products of the earth, or to send our fabrics to the most distant abode of civilized or even of uncivilized man. Look, beyond, at the river crowded with vessels—the docks, where the masts show like a forest: and when you have called to mind the riches which are here congregated—the incessant toil for the support of individual respectability and luxury—the struggles with false pride—the desperate energy of commercial adventure—the spirit of gambling which brings down the proud to sudden poverty, and raises the obscure to more

\* We take these admeasurements from Gladwin's North Elevation of the Cathedral, a print comprising accuracy and beauty in a remarkable degree; and for the production of which the artist was at once surveyor, draughtsman, and engraver.

dangerous riches—and, above all, amidst this accumulation of wealth, when you consider how many are naked, and starving, and utterly forsaken of men,—you may, perchance, think, that better social arrangements might exist, which would leave mankind more free to cultivate the higher attributes of their nature, than the desire of gain; and, without destroying the ordinary excitements to emulation, relieve society of some of its frightful inequalities. This prospect, however, is probably Utopian. At any rate, this going to and fro of the sons of commerce—the din of all this barter and brokerage—is a better thing than the hurrying to the fight of the armed legions of the olden time. What a contrast is this activity of London to the turmoil of the Parthian city of Milton:—

“ He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless  
The city gates outpour'd, light-armed troops,  
In coats of mail and military pride;  
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
Of many provinces from bound to bound.

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He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,  
How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot  
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
Of their pursuers, and o'ercame by flight;  
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown;  
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn  
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers  
Of archers.”

These are the glories of the half-civilized state of man; and savages only should be proud of them. It is for *us* to subdue the earth by an interchange of benefits; and thus does the activity of commerce carry the seeds of knowledge and truth into the most distant regions. Count not, therefore, these cranes and waggons, and “the din of all this smithery,” as vulgar things. They are accomplishing the purposes of Providence, slowly and surely: and when we have done our work, other nations will roll forward the ball of civilization, when our harbours shall be choked up and our streets desolate, and London shall be what Carthage is.

Do you see that dark-looking building, and its narrow inner courts, a little to the right of the north-western pinnacle of the Cathedral? Did you think Newgate was such a straitened place? And yet three thousand prisoners have passed into its dreary walls, and the greater number have passed out to banishment, and a few to death, during the last year. Four-fifths of these wretched persons have been cut off from the freedom of the social state, for stealing. It is the constant accession to the quantity of exposed property, forming, of course, a constant accession to the amount of temptation, which works this evil. It is a consequence of our riches. Well; society has a debt to discharge to the poor and the ignorant for placing these temptations in their way. It must instruct them—moralize them—and, above all, not shut its ears to their cries, when they are in want and imploring succour.



Look to the North of Cheapside, where there is a huddle of miserable hovels. That is Spitalfields. Every now and then the thousands who labour that their richer fellow-creatures may be softly and gaudily clad, find their employ by which they earn their daily bread suddenly stopped. Then they clamour (as who will not clamour when starvation unlocks the lips?) against those principles of commerce which, when fully carried into effect, can alone prevent sudden depressions or sudden exaltations. Assuage their miseries as well as ye can, ye that have the means of doing good. Enable them to go through their season of privation, till the happier period arrive; and, when human beings are to be the victims, do not listen to those half taught political economists, who confine their talk to the relative proportions of supply and demand, as if there were no nerves to feel and hearts to be broken in the world.

You would think it unnecessary to talk of the duties of humanity, when you look upon those numberless towers and steeples, whence the divine lessons of charity and good-will towards men are duly preached. But it is necessary. Men go punctually to prayer, and yet their hearts are hardened; and their very piety is sometimes to them an excuse for their forgetfulness of the duties to their fellows which necessarily spring out of a real love of God. The blight of pride and avarice is upon them; they make clean the outside of the platter. And yet London is full of noble institutions for the relief of suffering, and for the nurture of the poor and unfriended. Do you see those spacious Courts near Smithfield? They form St. Bartholomew's Hospital. There are a dozen similar establishments, as large and as amply endowed, scattered over London. Close by its side—the buildings almost touch—is Christ's Hospital, for the education of parentless children. Almost out of number are such institutions (less splendid and rich, but still highly useful) in this metropolis. But they are less numerous than they ought to be. And why? You see that procession—these are not

“ Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces  
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,  
Licitors and rods, the ensigns of their power ;”

these are the Lord Mayor, and Aldermen, and Companies of the City of London. Almost unbounded is their wealth; and they hold high festival on all needful or needless occasions of solemnity or mirth, where the golden vessels run over with the perfumes of the East, and every sense is stimulated into an imaginary refinement, to divest repletion of its grossness. Vast are their Rent-rolls; for when the piety of our ancestors meant to endow an hospital or a school, it selected these worthy and honourable Societies to be the securities for the due performance of these hallowed purposes. To them, then, were given, at periods when houses and lands were not worth a twentieth part of their present nominal value, many acres and many tenements, in trust that they should pay to certain poor persons, or for education, or for mitigating the evils of sickness, a particular number of pounds sterling annually, and for ever—probably the then rent of these acres and tenements, leaving something

for needful charges. What! are the rents not paid, then, to the widow, or the orphan, or the sick man, or him who has no roof to shelter him? The rents of the fourteenth century—the defined sums—are paid; but the surplus of the rents of the nineteenth century, increased twenty-fold, go into the pockets of the said corporate bodies: and thus they necessarily peril their worldly health by feasting as never Heliogabalus feasted. Is this law? Assuredly it is, good Sir,—who dares to doubt it? Is this justice?—that's quite another thing.

You see Westminster Abbey in the distance—and that Hall of Rufus, where the monarch, once in his life, drinks to the weal of his people, and the lawyers eternally labour to promote it. Great are the mysteries transacted beneath that roof; and violent are the transformations of the palpable into the obscure, of truth into fiction, of fiction into truth. It is a large building, my friend; and its material passages are not very intricate: but the recesses, amongst which Justice sits, are labyrinthine enough—hard is it to find the entrance, and still harder to find the egress of her throne. If you want to discover the secret, spend a year in a special pleader's office; or, if this be inconvenient, go to law.

St. Stephen's Chapel—I doubt whether you can see that. It is crammed in between Westminster Hall and the House of Lords; and its character partakes somewhat of its neighbourhood. Between the privileges of the Aristocracy and the precedents of the Judicature, it would be out of reason that St. Stephen's should make much figure in the panorama of London—so give over looking for it.

But how the town is growing! Will this eternal rearing up of brick never cease? Why a city of palaces is springing to the clouds within bow-shot of the King's confectionery work at Buckingham House. The tide of fashion is still setting westward. Will it stop at Brentford? In a few years Portman-square will be vulgar. Well! these freaks of fashion are good things; they keep the hand in the pocket of the rich, and thus lessen the inequalities of condition. But for fashion, a man with fifty thousand acres would be a state delinquent; and would require to be cut up, like a large whale, for his blubber. The folly of imitation is the hook which the million put into the nose of those Leviathans.

Reader, go to the Colosseum, where you may look upon London without the annoyance of fog or wind, of heat or cold. Mr. Horner's snug gallery is unvisited with rain or snow; and is, altogether, a nice place to moralize in. Take these few condiments, for intellectual digestion, that we have offered you; and be grateful both for what we give and what we hold back.

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## IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.\*

THIS is a subject which requires deep consideration, and extensive knowledge of facts. The interests involved are most extensive ; the difficulties are great on both sides. We are, however, strongly inclined to go along with Mr. Dance in his doctrines of condemnation of the existing practice. It undoubtedly gives rise to severe abuses ; but in any alteration great care must be taken to guard against the evils on the other side.

Mr. Dance's experience in his present situation entitles him to every attention from his knowledge of facts, and, as far as he goes, he applies them with great clearness and force. But we regret exceedingly that he should have confined himself to such very narrow limits : it prevents his doing justice to his subject, which he shows himself to be so capable of handling. That subject needs thorough exposition, and the greater and more numerous are the " many existing prejudices to be overcome," the more should he have *proved* them to be such, exposed the falsity of the principles on which they stand, and given in detail the system which he proposes to substitute for that which exists. He seems to recede from the discussion of the general question of Imprisonment with which he opens, and proposes an arrangement with regard to insolvent debtors, as a preliminary measure to a general alteration. Now, we think that with the knowledge Mr. Dance possesses on the subject, with the liberal views he entertains, and with the power of enforcing them which even this slight pamphlet displays, a more extensive and detailed discussion of the whole question would be most desirable from his pen. He says, " I think that the situation in which I have been placed for several years gives the public a right to my testimony, such as it is." " Right " is a strong word ;—but now that he, an officer of the Insolvent Court, who has been for years in the daily discharge of the most extensive duties among debtors, has given us his testimony to a certain extent, we may be forgiven for,—not claiming the right, but—expressing a strong desire, that he would give more.

We will now lay before our readers a *précis* of the pamphlet as it stands. In the first place, it certainly springs from an amiable feeling. Mr. Dance has evidently been struck, in the execution of his duty, with the misery brought upon " the honest and unfortunate " by the existing state of the laws ; and his object is to produce a system which may relieve them, while it still would afford a sufficient protection to the creditor :—

An arrest for debt is the only instance in which one subject holds the liberty of another in his own power without the previous control of any tribunal whatever ; the sole condition is, that he shall make oath of a debt being due to him, amounting to at least twenty pounds. It is needless to inquire how this power originated, or has been maintained ; my present question is,

\* Remarks on the Practical Effect of Imprisonment for Debt, and on the Law of Insolvency. By Henry Dance, Provisional Assignee of Insolvent Debtors in England. Pages 16.

ought it to continue? It must be granted me, that the object of this extraordinary power can be no other than to enable creditors to recover their just debts with more certainty and expedition, and at a less expense, than they otherwise could. I think I may safely say, that I have had, during the last nine years, the best possible opportunity for impartial observation on this subject; and it has impressed me with a most sincere conviction, that none of these requisites are attained; but that, on the contrary, the results are—uncertainty, delay, and increased expense.

Let us trace the usual progress of a single case, and consider the effects produced. We will suppose a tradesman possessing a small capital, invested in his business, and having debts due to and from him—we will also suppose that the regular profits of his trade, if realised, are just sufficient to enable him to maintain himself and his family, of course allowing a moderate annual average for losses, by bad debts. So long as this average is not exceeded, all is well; but the moment it increases, the derangement of his affairs commences, and he becomes unable to make his payments with his former regularity; in this situation it generally happens that some one of his creditors takes, or threatens to take, legal proceedings against him. To save his credit, and avoid a prison, he is obliged to make a sacrifice, in some way or other, so as to procure ready money, and discharge the demand; but, whatever means he adopts, the diminution of his resources must be greater than the aid he obtains. The consequences cannot be obviated, and they follow, sooner or later, as he becomes less of ability to satisfy succeeding claims. Arrests multiply—he procures bail, and so gains time, though at a frightful expense; but after paying several of his most severe creditors twenty shillings in the pound, with the addition of their costs and his own, he can pay no longer. The next arrest takes him to prison; there he becomes not only an unproductive member of the community, but an actual incumbrance, and so he must remain, or apply for his release under the Act for relief of Insolvent Debtors. After what has happened, it is almost certain that his estate cannot pay more than a very trifling dividend (if any at all) on his remaining debts, and he is left in total beggary to begin the world again.

The case I have here drawn, represents a much larger class than is generally imagined; and, in reviewing it, we must observe, that those creditors who forbear to sue lose their whole debts, while of the severe creditors, some obtain twenty shillings in the pound, and others lose not only their debts, but the costs they have incurred for the chance of recovering them. Thus it is evident that a most unequal distribution of the debtor's property takes place, though at a very considerable expense. The loss of the many is caused by the severe conduct of the few.

Mr. Dance then proceeds to set forth the disadvantages of this system. He says that it causes great expense, and great inequality of distribution. He wishes that the law should “afford an honest man, who finds himself insolvent, the power to cause an equal distribution of his property among his creditors at a moderate expense;” and he represents the present course as a devil-take-the-hindmost race, in which the severest creditor gets payment in full at the expense of the others, by diminishing the property to the whole amount of his debt, while the rest will ultimately receive only dividends, by charging it with law expenses, and by all manner of irregular proceedings, into which the debtor, as we have seen, is forced. The present system may be good for one creditor, but it is highly hurtful to all the rest, as well as to the debtor.

Mr. Dance next alludes to all the horrors and corruptions of prison. We have not space to go into his remarks; but our readers' minds



can easily supply this painful part of the subject. His distinction, also, between regular and irregular credit seems to us most sound—and his illustrations of it are very interesting.

There are two descriptions of credit, which I may distinguish by the appellations of the regular and the irregular.

Regular credit I consider to be that which is given in the proper course of business, to established and well-known customers. This sort of credit is quite legitimate, is generally advantageous to both buyer and seller, and would not, I firmly believe, be at all deranged, or altered, if the law of imprisonment for debt were totally abolished this moment.

Irregular credit I define to be that which is given to customers of whom so little is known that they ought not to be trusted without more diligent inquiry; or, so much is known, that they ought not to be trusted at all. The latter class consists generally of young men, notoriously without resources of their own, but having relations or connexions on whom it is intended to rely for payment, without giving them any previous intimation. No legal responsibility being here incurred, such payment can only be obtained by making the imprisonment of a relative the means of practising on their feelings; which, I venture to assert, are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, much more hurt than those of the real debtors, for whose release they are excited; and I think that the law under which such a system as this can be carried on, might very properly be entitled a law to compel the payment of debts by persons who do not owe them.

Though this mode of proceeding often succeeds, it also often fails. The irregular credit, therefore, has the peculiar property of being disadvantageous to both buyer and seller; the latter incurs undue risk, and the former is encouraged to improper expenditure.

But even this is not the extent of the evil; for the well-known phrase of "making the good pay for the bad," is significant of the fact, that those who buy and intend to pay are charged considerably more than they need be, as an indemnity against those who buy without the slightest thought, or care, whether they shall ever be able to pay or not. The destruction of this irregular credit seems to me of itself almost a sufficient motive for the repeal of the law.

It is to be borne in mind that these are not fancy sketches, knocked carelessly off by a *soi-disant* observer of manners: they are statements made by a gentleman whose official duties have rendered it a matter of necessity that he should be thoroughly conversant with all the details of the whole subject. There is an absence, also, of all exaggeration of tone, which proves that his ideas are not in the least warped or coloured by that which may be termed the spirit of advocacy. On the contrary, Mr. Dance seems to have had his opinions created by the constant observation of doings which seemed to him—and we confess we quite go along with him—productive of extreme hardship and injustice. He then faces the difficulties which surround his subject:—

I am far from denying that serious difficulties oppose themselves to a simple repeal; while I contend that the majority of debtors are honest, I acknowledge that there are many quite fraudulent enough to require some strong regulations; and while I concede that the majority of creditors are lenient, I insist that the severe conduct of a very small number is sufficient to produce the evil to the body at large, of which I have before complained.

Fraud ought undoubtedly to be punished—in many cases, perhaps, more severely than it is now; but my objection is, that at present we commence by imprisoning a debtor, and make the proof of his honesty the condition of

his discharge, instead of making the proof of his fraud the condition of his imprisonment. It is not until after this has been done, that he should receive the sentence of the Court, which should then be really carried into effect, and not remain subject to the caprice or the collusion of a creditor, who may enforce or abandon it without control\*.

If my views were to be favourably received, and it were determined to abolish imprisonment for debt, it would of course be necessary, not only to permit debtors to place themselves, but also to enable creditors, in fit cases, to bring them under the power of the Court, so that a due distribution of their property, and a complete examination of their conduct, might be had. This would also require various other alterations from the present mode of establishing claims by law, so that economy might be judiciously combined with due expedition in the process.

Mr. Dance then suggests a moderated form of this plan; namely, to permit a debtor, not in custody, to declare himself insolvent, and give up his property for distribution among his creditors, and that he should consequently be protected from arrest and imprisonment for debt, until his case can be brought on for hearing; the same privilege to extend to those who have been already arrested, their bail being exonerated on the surrender of their property. Strong provisions against fraud are also recommended. Mr. Dance says that this will be "a law for the honest and unfortunate"—and that those who believe as he does that there are many such, must certainly support it, for the good it will afford; while those who believe they are few, need not oppose it, as it could furnish no assistance to the dishonest. We think it speaks highly for the class of middling tradesmen in this country, that one who has so constantly witnessed their misfortunes as the Provisional Assignee should declare these misfortunes to be so little connected with guilt.

Mr. Dance proposes that this measure should be passed into a law for a limited period—a year or two—when, "if it should prove prejudicial in practice, it can be discontinued without disturbing any part of the system; while, if found successful, it will be a material step towards the complete alteration." He then bears testimony to "the intrinsic excellence and honesty" of the principle of the Insolvent Laws,—and states his opinion that a measure such as he suggests would bring it more thoroughly into action.

On the whole, the only fault we have to find with this pamphlet is, that there is not enough of it. It has effected, however, the remarkable end of shewing that those most conversant with the laws relating to debt are adverse to the principle of general imprisonment; and we hope we may be allowed to consider it as the introduction to a more extended statement—giving facts, and drawing inferences from them, so that every one will be able to form his own judgment upon this most important subject. Mr. Dance is eminently qualified for such a task; and we trust he may find occasion to execute it ere long.

\* By the existing Act, debtors are, for certain offences, to remain in custody during a time specified by the Court, at the suit of a creditor or creditors, also specified; but if such creditors neglect to detain them, or choose to give them their discharge, the Court cannot interfere.



## THE BEST BAT IN THE SCHOOL.

"It is the best bat in the school. I call it Mercandotti, for its shape. Look at its face; run your hand over the plane. It is smother than a looking-glass. I was a month suiting myself; and I chose it out of a hundred. I would not part with it for its weight in gold; and that exquisite knot!—lovelier, to me, than a beauty's dimple. You may fancy how that drives. I hit a ball yesterday from this very spot to the wickets in the upper shooting fields; six runs clear, and I scarcely touched it. Hodgson said it was not the first time a Ball had been wonderfully struck by Mercandotti. There is not such another piece of wood in England. Collyer would give his ears for it; and that would be a long price, as Golightly says. Do take it in your hand, Courtenay; but, plague on your clumsy knuckles! you know as much of a bat, as a Hottentot of the longitude, or a guinea-pig of the German flute."

So spoke the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant; the "*decus columenque*" that day of his Dame's Eleven; proud of the red silk that girded his loins, and the white hose that decorated his ancles; proud of his undisputed prowess, and of his anticipated victory; but prouder far of the possession of this masterpiece of Nature's and Thompson's workshop, than which no pearl was ever more precious—no phoenix more unique. As he spoke, a bail dropped. The Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant walked smilingly to the vacant wicket. What elegance in his attitude! What ease in his motions! Keep that little collegier out of the way; for we shall have the ball walking this road presently. Three to one on Ragueneau's! Now!—There was a moment's pause of anxious suspense: the long fag rubbed his hands, and drew up his shirt-sleeve; the wicket-keeper stooped expectantly over the bails; the bowler trotted leisurely up to the bowling-crease, and off went the ball upon its successive errands;—from the hand of the bowler to the exquisite knot in the bat of the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant; from the said exquisite knot to the unerring fingers of the crouching long nips; and from those fingers up into the blue firmament of heaven, with the velocity of a sky-rocket. What a mistake! How did he manage it? His feet slipped, or the ball was twisted, or the sun dazzled him. It could not be the fault of the bat! It is the best bat in the school.

A week afterwards I met my talented and enthusiastic friend crawling to absence through the playing fields, as tired as a post-horse, and as hot as a salamander, with many applauding associates on his right and on his left, who exhibited to him certain pencilled scrawls, on which he gazed with flushed and feverish delight. He had kept his wicket up two hours, and made a score of seventy-three. "I may thank my bat for it," quoth he, shouldering it as Hercules might have shouldered his club, "it is the best bat in the school." Alas, for the instability of human affections! The exquisite knot had been superseded. Mercandotti had been sold for half price; and the Honourable

Ernest Adolphus Volant was again to be eloquent, and again to be envied; he had still the best bat in the school.

I believe I was a tolerably good-natured boy. I am sure I was always willing to acquiesce in the estimation my companions set upon their treasures, because they were generally such that I felt myself a vastly inadequate judge of their actual value. But the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant was exorbitant in the frequency and the variety of his drafts upon my sympathy. He turned off five hockey-sticks in a fortnight; and each in its turn was unrivalled. He wore seven waistcoats in a week, and each, for its brief day, was as single in its beauty as the rainbow. In May, Milward's shoes were unequalled; in June, Ingalton's were divine. He lounged in Poet's Walk, over a duodecimo, and it was the sweetest edition that ever went into a waistcoat pocket; he pored in his study over a folio, and there was no other copy extant but Lord Spencer's, and the mutilated one at Heidelberg. At Easter there were portraits hanging round his room; Titian never painted their equal: at Michaelmas, landscapes had occupied their place; Claude would have owned himself outdone. The colt they were breaking for him in Leicestershire, the detonator he had bespoken of Charles Moore, the fishing-rod which had come from Bermuda, the flageolet he had won at the raffle,—they were all, for a short season, perfection: he had always "the best bat in the school."

The same whimsical propensity followed him through life. Four years after we had made our last voyage to Monkey Island, in "the best skiff that ever was built," I found him exhibiting himself in Hyde Park, on "the best horse that ever was mounted." A minute was sufficient for the compliments of our reciprocal recognition; and the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant launched out forthwith into a rhapsody on the merits of the proud animal he bestrode. "Kremlin, got by Smolensko, out of my uncle's old mare. Do you know any thing of a horse? Look at his shoulder. Upon my honour, it is a model for a sculptor. And feel how he is ribbed up; not a pin loose here; knit together like a ship's planks; trots fourteen miles an hour without turning a hair, and carries fifteen stone up to any hounds in England. I hate your smart dressy creatures, as slender as a greyhound, and as tender as a gazelle, that look as if they had been stabled in a drawing-room, and taken their turn with the poodle in my lady's lap. I like to have plenty of bone under me. If this horse had been properly ridden, Courtenay, he would have won the hunters' stakes at our place in a canter. He has not a leg that is not worth a hundred pounds. Seriously, I think there is not such another horse in the kingdom."

But before a month had gone by, the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant was ambling down the ride, in a pair of stirrups far more nearly approaching *terra firma*, than those in which his illustrious feet had been reclining, while he held forth on the excellencies of Kremlin. "Oh, yes!" he said, when I enquired after "the best horse in England,"—"Kremlin is a magnificent animal; but then, after all, his proper place is with the hounds. One might as well wear one's scarlet in a ball-room as ride Kremlin in the Park. And so I have bought Mr. Davenant's Bijou, and a perfect Bijou she is:—throws out her



little legs like an opera dancer, and tosses her head as if she knew that her neck is irresistible. You will not find such another mane and tail in all London. Mrs. Davenant's own maid used to put both up in papers every night of the week. She is quite a Love." And so the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant trotted off on a "smart dressy creature, as slender as a greyhound, and as tender as a gazelle, that looked as if it had been stabled in a drawing-room, and taken its turn with the poodle in my lady's lap."

An analysis of the opinions of my eccentric friend would be an entertaining thing. "The best situation in town" has been found successively in nearly every street between the Regent's Park and St. James's Square: "the best carriage for a bachelor" has gone to-day on two wheels and to-morrow on four: "the best servant in Christendom" has been turned off within my own knowledge for insolence, for intoxication, for riding his master's horse, and for wearing his master's inexplicables: and "the best fellow in the world" has been at various periods deep in philosophy, and deep in debt—a frequenter of the fives' court, and a dancer of quadrilles—a tory, and a republican—a prebendary, and a papist—a drawer of dry pleadings, and a singer of sentimental serenades. If I had acted upon Volant's advices I should have been to-day subscribing to every club, and taking in every newspaper; I should have been imbibing the fluids of nine wine merchants, and covering my outward man with the broad cloth of thirteen tailors.

It is a pity that Volant has been prevented by indolence, a doting mother, and four thousand a-year, from applying his energies to the attainment of any professional distinction. In a variety of courses he might have commanded success. A cause might have come into court stained and spotted with every conceivable infamy, with effrontery for its crest, falsehood for its arms, and perjuries for its supporters; but if Volant had been charged with the advocacy of it, his delighted eye would have winked at every deficiency, and slumbered at every fault; in his sight weakness would have sprung up into strength, deformity would have faded into beauty, impossibility would have been sobered into fact. Every plaintiff, in his shewing, would have been wronged irreparably; every defendant would have been as unsullied as snow. His would have been the most irreproachable of declarations, his the most impregnable of pleas. The reporters might have tittered, the bar might have smiled, the bench might have shaken its heads: nothing would have persuaded him that he was beaten. He would have thought the battle won, when his lines were forced on all points; he would have deemed the house secure, when the timbers were cracking under his feet. It would have been delicious, when his strongest objection had been overruled, when his clearest argument had been stopped, when his stoutest witness had broken down, to see him adjusting his gown with a self-satisfied air, and concluding with all the emphasis of anticipated triumph, "that is *my* case, my lord."

Or if he had coveted senatorial fame, what a space would he have filled in the political hemisphere! If he had introduced a turnpike bill, the house would have forgotten Emancipation for a time: if he had moved the committal of a printer, Europe would have gazed as

upon the arrest of a peer of the realm. The minister he supported would have been the most virtuous of statesmen, when both houses had voted his impeachment; the gentlemen he represented would have been the most conscientious of constituents, when they had sold him their voices at five per cent. over the market price.

Destiny ordered it otherwise. One day, in that sultry season of the year, when fevers and flirtations come to their crisis, and matrimony and hydrophobia scare you at every corner, I happened to call at his rooms in Regent-Street, at about that time in the afternoon which the fashionable world calls daybreak. He was sitting with his chocolate before him, habited only in his *robe-de-chambre*; but the folds of that gorgeous drapery seemed to me composed in a more studied negligence than was their wont; and the dark curls upon his fine forehead were arranged in a more scrupulous disorder. I saw at a glance that some revolution was breaking out in the state of my poor friend's mind; and when I found a broken fan on the mantel-piece, and a withered rosebud on the sofa, Walker's Lexicon open on the writing-table, and an unfinished stanza reposing in the toast-rack, I was no longer in doubt as to its nature—The Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant was seriously in love.

It was not to be wondered at that his mistress was the loveliest being of her sex, nor that he told me so fourteen times in the following week. Her father was a German prince, the proprietor of seven leagues of vineyard, five ruined castles, and three hundred flocks of sheep. She had light hair, blue eyes, and a profound knowledge of metaphysics; she sang like a syren, and her name was Adelinda.

I spent a few months abroad. When I returned, he was married to the loveliest being of her sex, and had sent me fifty notes to inform me of the fact, and beseech me to visit him at Volant Hall with the requisite quantity of sympathy and congratulation. I went, and was introduced in form. Her father was a country clergyman; the proprietor of seven acres of glebe, five broken arm-chairs, and three hundred manuscript discourses; she had dark hair, black eyes, and a fond love of poetry: she danced like a wood-nymph, and her name was Mary.

He has lived since his marriage a very quiet life, rarely visiting the metropolis, and devoting his exertions most indefatigably to the comfort of his tenantry, and the improvement of his estate. Volant Hall is deliciously situated in the best county in England. If you go thither, you must go prepared with the tone, or at least with the countenance, of approbation and wonder. He gives you of course, mutton, such as no other pasture fattens, and ale, such as no other cellar brews. The stream that runs through his park supplies him with trout of unprecedented beauty and delicacy; and he could detect a partridge that had feasted in his woods, amidst the bewildering confusion of a Lord Mayor's banquet. You must look at his conservatory: no other was ever constructed on the same principle. You must handle his plough: he himself has obtained a patent for the invention. Everything, within doors and without, has wherewithal to attract and astonish,—the melon and the magnolia, the stable and the dairy, the mounting of his mother's spectacles, and the music of his



wife's piano. He has few pictures; but they are the masterpieces of the best masters. He has only one statue; but he assures you it is Canova's *chef-d'œuvre*. The last time I was with him he had a theme to descant upon which made his eloquence more than usually impassioned. An heir was just born to the Volant acres. An ox was roasted and a barrel pierced in every meadow: the noise of fiddles was incessant for a week, and the expenditure of powder would have lasted a Lord High Admiral for a twelvemonth. It was allowed by all the country that there never was so sweet a child as little Adolphus.

Among his acquaintance, who have little toleration for any foibles but their own, Volant is pretty generally voted a bore.

"Of course, our pinery is not like Mr. Volant's," says Lady Framboise; "he is prating from morning to night of his fires and his flues. We have taken some pains; and we pay a ruinous sum to our gardener.—But we never talk about it."

"The deuce take that fellow Volant," says Mr. Crayon; "does he fancy no one has a Correggio but himself? I have one that cost me two thousand guineas; and I would not part with it for double the sum.—But I never talk about it."

"That boy, Volant," says old Sir Andrew Chalkstone, "is so delighted to find himself the father of another boy, that, by Jove, he can speak of nothing else. Now I have a little thing in a cradle too: a fine boy, they tell me, and vastly like his father.—But I never talk about it."

Well, well! Let a man be obliging to his neighbours, and merciful to his tenants; an upright citizen, and an affectionate friend;—and there is one Judge who will not condemn him for having "the best bat in the school!"

P. C.

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### ON THE ARMOUR IN THE TOWER.

*Letter from Dr. MEYRICK, on the Armour in the Tower, to the Proprietors of the "LONDON MAGAZINE."*

GENTLEMEN,

The very handsome and flattering manner in which my proceedings at the Tower of London have been mentioned in your well-written Magazine, induces me thus to make my acknowledgments of the civility. There are some points on which your correspondent wishes "to know the rights." I will therefore endeavour to afford information where he does not appear to be fully satisfied. He is of course aware that I have had nothing to do with that renovated mass of falsehood termed "the Spanish Armoury," and the reason is, that I am well convinced the collection contains not one atom that belonged to the Armada. Hentzner, who visited the Tower and Greenwich in 1598, found nothing to commemorate that expedition; and the only thing which met the eyes of the commissioners specially appointed to report on all that could be found of the stores at these two places, after

the Restoration, was "the Spanish collar of torture," to which they assigned the date 1588. Strange enough, this has never been exhibited among the pretended spoils, but always remained, as it still does, in the Horse-armoury.

The earliest notice of a Spanish-armoury occurs in the reign of James II., in an order for the repair of windows in the same, whence we may probably conclude it was then formed in compliment to his having been Lord High Admiral. As for Queen Elizabeth, she has been placed there within the memory of some who are still living. When, on fitting up the Horse-armoury, I deprived her of her father's armour, Miss Lucy Aikin was quoted against me, for her having been thus equipped at Tilbury while; I have no doubt her authority had been the representation at the Tower, as all the contemporary descriptions are to the contrary.

With respect to "the representatives of gin and beer," (one of them holds a ham or piece of bacon) which are of the time of Edward VI., I conceive that they were originally over the doors in the great hall of the palace at Greenwich, which led to the buttery and larder, an usual custom in old buildings, and that they were brought with the armour from that royal residence on its destruction. It seems that they were in a room with other lumber under the old Horse-armoury in the Tower, which was erected in the time of Charles II. As to their removal thence, their being fresh painted, or their present position, I am in no ways concerned.

For the authenticity of "the axe by which Anne Boleyn was beheaded," there is only, unfortunately for the credibility of the story, the positive testimony of Hall, who may be regarded as the court-chronicler of the time, that "her head was struck off with a sword!!!"

With the building erected for the Horse-armoury I have had nothing to do; it is solely *the taste* and architecture (for so I suppose I must call it) of Mr. Wright, the clerk of the works, who reinstated the Spanish-armoury *more suo*. As no superior artist to a common carpenter was allowed me; as I had to bear in mind that economy was the order of the time; and as I worked *hard* myself during as many hours as would make thirty whole days, it is gratifying to find that my only reward, the approbation of the public, I have in your pages. I have had no further to do with the catalogue and its bombastic language than giving the list of suits which could be identified; and I am sorry to learn the mark for that purpose has been omitted in the description of James II's. That cuirass and helmet bear upon them the initials of the king, with the royal arms, and the costume is such as would have been worn with them. The reason why he is moved forward and Edward I. backward is to give room for the spectators to pass behind the rest; but those suggested in the guide-book are highly amusing.

The wonder there should be a hiatus from Edward I. to Henry VI. will cease when it is mentioned that while the latter is actually of that time, the former is fabricated of chain mail of uncertain date to the form used at the period assigned to it. It was a compromise with those feelings which constantly called on me to retain William the Conqueror, "because he had built the White Tower."



Perhaps the smallness of the legs, which your correspondent alludes to, and which he will frequently find in old armour, arises from the effect of proportion. The jambs were to cover the human legs with merely hose underneath, while all other parts, on which the armour was placed, were doubly or trebly clad. But, as to armour of extraordinary size, your correspondent does not seem to have noticed that of a man-at-arms in the middle of Henry VIII.'s reign, which, though not stretched out to the full dimensions it had, when bearing the name of John of Gaunt, to the costume of which period it bears as much resemblance as to the jacket of a modern hussar, is still of a large size.

In the old arrangement, all the mounted figures were in one position; the armour of the horses any where but on the animals, while they themselves were supported by wooden props; but, on a recent visit to the new armoury, I was sorry to observe that, for want of the timely aid of a bit of wire behind, the riders are all falling forwards.

I close this letter, with mentioning that your correspondent may find a long account, accompanied with engravings of the inscriptions in the Tower, in the xiii<sup>th</sup> vol. of the "Archæologia," p. 68, by Mr. Brand.

With my best thanks, I remain,  
Gentlemen,

Your's, respectfully,

SAM. R. MEYRICK, LL.D.

20, Cadogan Place, 5th January, 1829.

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A few words, in comment on the foregoing:—

*To the EDITOR of the "LONDON MAGAZINE."*

MY DEAR SIR,

I am very much obliged to you for sending me Dr. Meyrick's kind and good-humoured letter, in the manuscript. I shall have very slight need to "remark upon it"—as I find that, for so green an antiquarian, I have kept delightfully free from error.

Alas! for my exclamations about Anne Boleyn and the axe! And, as the spirit in which I went through the Tower was any thing rather than over-credulous, it is rather hard that I should have been bamboozled wrongfully into sentiment. One reason I believed the tale to be likely was that Anne Boleyn and Essex were among the few, and I believe the last, who were beheaded in the Tower, instead of on Tower Hill. But, certainly, Hall is, for a fact of this kind, conclusive authority.

I fully understood that Dr. Meyrick had had concern with only the arrangement of the armour in the Horse Armoury; but I confess I was not at all aware that all the arms and armour, alleged to have been taken from the Armada, were "make-believe." Indeed, without knowledge almost equal to that of Dr. Meyrick himself, I do not see what protection there is against such downright assertion as

that concerning the Armada in the erudite, but, as it seems, mendacious, Guide-book.

Still, neither of my two points of wonder is solved. Indeed, Dr. Meyrick mistakes the ground of my first, which is—not on account of the hiatus from Edward I. to Henry VI.—but that there should be no armour of Edward III.'s time, when the occupation of all Europe was incessant fighting. I say that I wonder that there should be “no complete suit of an earlier date than that of Henry VI.”; and I allude to the probability of the suit of Edward I. being made up—though it seems I did not go so far as the truth, and that it has, in fact, been “fabricated into the form used at that period.” But this gives no solution to the problem of “Whence comes it that all the armour of the 14th century should have vanished?”

Neither is the explanation regarding the general tenuity of the leg satisfactory. This is not a point on which my eye can have deceived me—neither can the slenderness arise from the cause pointed out by Dr. Meyrick, inasmuch as my friend, who accompanied me round the Tower, has since measured the leg of the figure representing Henry VIII., which is certainly one of the, if not *the*, largest of the mounted line: my friend is a person of about the middle height, and slenderly formed rather than otherwise—and he found the circumference of the outside of the armour of the leg to be from an inch and a half to two inches less than that of his own, with the kerseymere trowser pressed close to it. This proves the smallness of the jamb to be a matter of direct fact, and not of proportion with the other parts of the armour: and, as the measurement was of one of the largest suits, the average difference would be much greater. I do not, at this moment, recollect the degraded armour of John of Gaunt, now more chronologically gracing the limbs of a man-at-arms of Henry VIII.'s time; but I spoke of the *general* moderate size of the armour, and of the extreme spindleness of shank which must have been prevalent, supposing the kings, lords, and knights, to have really had their limbs eased as they are here represented.

I am glad that my eye and my acquaintance with the costume of the end of the seventeenth century were correct in my estimation of James II.'s curiously clad figure. I certainly wondered that it had not the mark of authenticity—but that unhappy effigy seems to be as ill-fated as its original.

I could have wished that Dr. Meyrick had noticed the general absence of crests;—but I am only too much gratified that he should have thought my inerudite lucubrations worthy of any comment at all, and am exceedingly thankful for those which he has given.

Yours, very faithfully,

THE WRITER OF THE VISIT TO THE TOWER.

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## SUPPLY OF ANATOMICAL SUBJECTS.

THE late murders in Edinburgh have very strongly called public attention to this subject. The horror arising from them has served more than all that sound reason and good sense have urged for years to bring home to the minds of men the *necessity* of furnishing the surgeons with subjects for dissection, in a regular and legal manner. We confess we think this a narrow view of the question: the great and paramount object should be that students should have proper and ample means of prosecuting their professional education. No one can shrink with greater awe than we do from the details which the trial of Burke brought to light:—but we cannot believe that the practice has become nearly so general, either in Edinburgh or in London, as it has been lately endeavoured to make it appear. That it has existed to a certain extent, there can be no doubt; but that it has existed long, or that it has spread into anything like a prevalent system, we wholly disbelieve;—for that belief must involve the connivance, to use the lightest word, of a large body of surgeons at a continued course of murder. To this we attach no faith.

That the establishing means for a regular supply of bodies will wholly put a stop to such terrible and loathsome doings, is, no doubt, a very eminent advantage; and that it will annihilate the existence of the trade of exhumation—conducted, as it is, by gangs of intolerable ruffians—is another, less only than that. But the great principle of the whole subject is, that it is the duty of a civilized community to provide—or, at the least, to throw no impediment in the way of their provision—due means for medical men to acquire that fitting knowledge of their art, without which their very existence would be hurtful to the last degree, instead of being an inestimable blessing. As the law at present stands, a surgeon is actually guilty of a misdemeanour for having a dead body in his possession. That which every medical man declares to be an absolute necessary, for him to acquire the slightest knowledge of his profession, is proscribed by law; and the same law holds him responsible to his patients for having due skill to treat their diseases concerning which he may be called in. Actions enforcing the latter right are by no means rare; but it has only within this year been held that the mere possession of a dead body, for the purpose of dissection, with the knowledge of its having been disinterred, is a misdemeanour\*.

That such a state of things should continue—that medical men

\* So ruled by Baron Hullock at Lancaster Spring Assizes, 1828. This was confirmed by the Court of King's Bench, who passed sentence on the defendant in the May following. It is singular that in Mr. Serjeant Russell's work on Crimes and Misdemeanours, in the chapter on offences relating to dead bodies no mention whatever is made of the possession as a crime at all, and this in the edition published as late as 1826; neither, we believe, is the doctrine laid down in any of the books. It is, we cannot but think, a very violent extension of the principle which regards exhumation. It is, in fact, making the possessor of a corpse, under the circumstances mentioned in the text, a principal in the act of exhumation: for in a misdemeanor, which exhumation is, there can by law be no accessories.

should be liable to punishment if they learn their profession, and to be called upon for pecuniary compensation if they practise it unskilfully—that the most villainous of mankind should, of necessity, be encouraged and fostered by the most respectable surgeons for the supply of bodies; and that, after all, that supply should be so scanty and so dear as to render the necessary education daily more difficult and more expensive to obtain—that these things should exist in England in the nineteenth century, is so preposterous that we think it is impossible for the approaching Session of Parliament to pass over without a bill being brought in for their cure.

Last year, a Committee sat on this subject, and we hastily noticed their report at the moment of its appearance. (London Magazine, September 1828.) We then expressed our hearty concurrence with the recommendation of the Committee; but we shall now go into rather a more detailed view of the subject in general, and especially devote a portion of our attention to the evidence. We do this because we believe the public mind to be at this moment very much interested on the question; and still more because we think a fair and frequent discussion of it, the thing of all others most calculated to dissipate those prejudices which still certainly exist to some extent, but we are convinced to a far less than has been represented by many.

The evidence differs very curiously on some points; but, on one, *all* are agreed; viz. that without the dissection of dead bodies it is impossible for any one to acquire proper knowledge of medicine or surgery. It is the one great foundation of all medical knowledge;—without it, there is none. For this purpose it follows of course that it is necessary that surgeons should have dead bodies. Either the dead must be dissected, or the living must be mangled, poisoned, and die, in cases where medical knowledge has the power to save. Of the prejudices against dissection, we shall speak bye and bye; we now assume that it is necessary that bodies should be procured for that purpose. The knowledge of anatomy is indispensable; unless we choose to abandon the aid of medicine altogether, dead bodies *must* be used to make known the structure of the living. And yet, at this moment, all such supply is prohibited by law—for, the bodies of murderers are so few that they cannot be taken into account.

We will assume, for the time, that a supply is *necessary*. It has been so found in all countries; and we grieve to state that our own is the only one among civilized nations, in which that supply is insufficient, which it now is grossly; and the only one, with the exception of America, in which it is procured by exhumation. That the United States should share this stigma with us is quite natural. They are, as it were, our offspring; and it is to be understood that they should have some of our bad points as well as our good. Still, we cannot but consider it a strong stain upon the British stock, that those sprung from it should be the only nations professing to be civilized which withhold by law the necessary means for the acquisition of knowledge in the science which is that of the most temporal importance to the human race.

The result of this is, that both the most eminent of those questioned



on the subject, and those who have had local means of ascertaining, declare, in the frankest and most unqualified manner, that the knowledge of anatomy is more diffused and deeper in France, Italy, Germany—and, it is added, Ireland—than in England\*: Scotland is represented as the worst of all:—and these results are unanimously attributed to, among a few others, the main cause, that those who dissect the most will have the greatest knowledge of anatomy†. The details, indeed, given by the gentlemen who have frequented the hospitals abroad are most highly interesting—but perhaps they do not affect the general question sufficiently directly to allow of our quoting them, although they all tend, no doubt, to prove the advantages arising from increased facilities of dissection. We shall, however, give a *précis* of the mode of proceeding at Paris, drawn up from the evidence of those gentlemen who have had long experience there.

We cannot begin better than by extracting the following answer of Mr. Bennett, a gentleman who had, for some years, a considerable number of students under his care at Paris:—

It may not be unnecessary to premise, that prior to the revolution in France, the different hospitals in Paris were supported, as in London, by voluntary contributions, and private and distinct funds, each having its separate government. At the period of the revolution all were connected together, and their several funds being consolidated, and further revenues being provided by the government, the management of all the hospitals in Paris was entrusted to a body entitled the “Administration des Hopitaux,” which is now composed of the leading noblemen and other distinguished persons in Paris. The Administration des Hopitaux have always felt it their duty, for humanity’s sake, to promote the cultivation of medical science, and with that view to give up for anatomical purposes the unclaimed bodies of those who die in hospitals. They thus carry into effect the law passed by the legislative assembly, whereby it was enacted that the bodies of all those persons who die in hospitals, which should be unclaimed within twenty-four hours after death, should be delivered up for the purposes of science. Exhumation was thereby rendered unnecessary, and severe laws were directed against the practice, which at present is never resorted to in Paris.

This, we think, is an admirable arrangement, and, in many points, tallies with that recommended by the Committee. So short a period as twenty-four hours has been objected to, lest the body might be dissected before the friends of the deceased knew of his death. But it

\* Mr. Brodie is the only one, as far as we recollect, who differs from this. He goes, indeed, so far as to say, that, if his information be correct, they do not dissect much at Paris. The evidence of Mr. Bennett and Dr. Barry proves, we think, that Mr. Brodie has been misinformed. Mr. Lawrence speaks so powerfully in accordance with the position assumed in the text, that we will subjoin one of his answers on this subject.

“245. Are you in the habit of seeing many of the eminent foreign surgeons and anatomists who come to this country? I see many medical persons from France, Germany, and Italy, and have found, from my intercourse with them, that anatomy is much more successfully cultivated in those countries than in England; at the same time I know, from their numerous valuable publications on anatomy, that they are far before us in this science; we have no original standard works at all worthy of the present state of knowledge.”

† It may be noted that the difficulties of procuring subjects in Scotland is, throughout the evidence, represented as extreme. See the consequence! Her anatomists ranking the lowest, and murder supplying the place of exhumation!

might be doubled, trebled, or quadrupled, and the subject would be equally fit for dissection—as is proved by the supply in this country consisting entirely of bodies raised after a burial that nearly always takes place several days after death, which is very seldom the case abroad. And this very difference of the intermediate length of time may perhaps render it advisable to have the period of forfeiture later than in France. The dissections, it seems, are not carried on at the hospitals where the patients die, but the bodies are taken thence to one of the two great dissecting establishments, the *Ecole de Médecine*, and the amphitheatre adjoining the *Hopital de la Pitié*, which alone are allowed in Paris. The bodies are taken from the principal hospitals—as also from the two great houses of refuge—the *Hospices Salpêtrière* and *Bicêtre*—sewed in a clean cloth, and placed in a covered cart. Everything is conducted with the most perfect decency; and, after death, the priest attached to the hospital performs certain religious ceremonies over the body, which is then placed in the dead-room till the twenty-four hours have expired.

There is, in the Appendix, a copy of the regulations relating to the removal of bodies and to dissection in the establishments at Paris; the order, the decency, we might add the delicacy of which, seem to us to render it a perfect model. It is proposed that, with us, in accordance with the usages of our religion, the funeral rites should take place after dissection; in Paris they are performed before, but the bodies are ultimately buried. We mention this for the purpose of expressing our conviction that, adopting such arrangements as these, and a certainty being established that no religious feeling will be violated, it is impossible that the prejudices against dissection should long continue to exist.

The ample supply of subjects gives opportunities to the Professors at Paris to pursue courses of instruction most advantageous to the communication of science, from which the scantiness of bodies here debarb both professor and student. The following is from the evidence of Dr. Barry, a gentleman who resided for four years in Paris, and took his doctor's degree there:—

590. Is there not attached to La Pitié a gentleman of the name of Monsieur Lisfranc, who is celebrated for teaching the mode of performing upon a dead body the principal surgical operations? Yes, there is.—591. Are not his demonstrations frequented by a very large number of English students who resort to Paris? Particularly so, almost by every one.—592. Do you know of any similar course given in this country? I know of none; I have studied in Dublin and in this country; I know of none.—593. Do you not consider that course of surgical instruction of the highest importance? I certainly do.—594. Should you not think it unsafe to commit yourself, for the performance of a difficult operation, to a surgeon who had never performed upon a dead body, an operation which he was required to perform upon the living? I certainly should, unless he had acquired the necessary dexterity by having operated upon the living body.—595. But if he begins to perform upon the living body, before he has performed upon the dead body, he necessarily, until he acquires that experience, must perform those first operations in a very awkward and insufficient manner? Most certainly; and independently of Monsieur Lisfranc's demonstrations, each pupil may have as many subjects as he pleases, and operate upon them himself, or in company with other



pupils : they instruct and help each other at La Pitié ; I say this in relation to statements made by some witnesses examined yesterday as to the English schools, some stating that two subjects, and some that three were enough. I conceive that there is no eminent surgeon in Paris who has not, in the course of his education, dissected and operated upon more than thirty subjects.

This brings us to a question upon which the witnesses differ remarkably in opinion—namely, the number of bodies which they deem necessary for a student during the course of his studies. Sir Astley Cooper says, three bodies during a season of sixteen months ; Mr. Brodie, one, or one and a half, in a year ; Mr. Abernethy says, that taking two years for the period of education, three bodies are enough for two students for that time ; Mr. Lawrence says, three or four for one student for one year ; Mr. Green, of St. Thomas's Hospital, says, three for each student yearly ; Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, two in the whole course of the student's education, whether one or two years. The gentlemen who have seen the hospitals on the continent—where dissection and the performing operations on the dead are carried to such an extent—rate the fitting number higher than any of those whose experience is confined to this country. Dr. Barry, who states at thirty, as has been already seen, the number which he conceives all the eminent surgeons in Paris had dissected and operated upon in the course of their education, when asked what he should “ consider, *with every view to economy in the use of subjects*, sufficient for an adequate course of surgical instruction,” says, that he “ should think four subjects in a season would be the very least, for two seasons at least.” Mr. Granville Sharp Pattison, who was Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the University of Maryland, gives the same yearly number ; but adds, the lowest, “ certainly the very lowest, period ” of the student's education should be three years.

There is also a considerable, though by no means so great, a difference of opinion as to the necessity of a pupil's performing on the dead body all the principal operations before he performs them on the living. Mr. Abernethy and some others do not think it necessary, though none go so far as to say they do not consider it beneficial : they hold that from dissection, and witnessing dissection and operations, a young surgeon may safely perform an operation for the first time on a living person. Sir Astley Cooper, Mr. Lawrence, and (we may say of course) the gentlemen who have practised in France, are strongly of the opposite way of thinking. The following answers of Sir Astley afford a melancholy contrast between what ought to be and what, from the scarcity of subjects, is :—

8. In any part of the course which a student is now expected to go through, is he instructed how to perform upon a dead body, the principal of those operations which, in the common course of practice, he may be required to perform upon the living ?—He is only shown the mode of performing different operations, but whenever subjects can be obtained for the purpose, it is considered that it is his duty to perform the operations himself upon the dead body.—9. Can bodies be obtained in such numbers at present, that it frequently happens that the students have an opportunity of performing those operations on a dead body ?—It now very rarely happens that a student can obtain a body for the purpose of performing operations, and

there is a lecturer in London who will be probably examined by this Committee, who has been unable to obtain a body to exhibit operations upon the dead, for a great number of days.—10. Can you state at all, how many bodies have been used in teaching the pupil how to perform operations upon the dead body, that is, in the hospital schools in London, in the course of the year?—I am afraid there have been scarcely any lately used by the students, but at all events very few, on account of the great difficulty in obtaining them.—11. You nevertheless would consider that an essential part of a good course of surgical instruction?—My opinion is, not only that no person should practise surgery without privately performing all the operations upon the dead, but that he should also exhibit his powers of operating upon the dead, in the presence of a great number of individuals.—12. Can the young practitioner be expected to possess the necessary courage in performing a difficult operation on the living, if he has not already been taught to perform a similar operation upon a dead body?—He must be a blockhead if he made the attempt; and the practice of the most sensible and the most expert surgeons in London has been to visit the receptacles for the dead, for the purpose of performing the operation which they were about to execute upon the living, if the operations were in the least novel.

Mr. Lawrence, also, is very decided upon this point. We have already extracted Dr. Barry's opinions on this subject.

We shall now allude to one more point of difference, because we think we have hit upon a clue which, with some modifications and allowances, will tend to account for the existence of them all. The subject to which we now allude is one on which we can speak freely, and form a direct judgment of our own—for it is one of general reason, not of medical science. Sir Astley Cooper lays down an opinion that bodies should not be exceedingly cheap, because, if they be so, "as they are in France, the result of their being so is, that they are less valuable to the student, and they do not take precisely the same pains that they would if the body cost them a little more." Mr. Brodie adopts this doctrine only by halves—for in the answer in which he attributes superiority to the English over other students, he says that he attributes it as much "to national character as to the cause mentioned by Sir Astley Cooper, namely, the superfluity of subjects." Mr. Abernethy seems, to a considerable extent, to contradict himself on this point:—

199. Do you concur in the opinion of Sir Astley Cooper, that the supply of bodies may be redundant, so as to occasion negligence, as in the hospitals abroad?—Unquestionably, the supply may be so great that students are likely to be less attentive.—199 \*. So far from promoting science, such a redundant supply would rather impede it?—It would depend upon the character of the students; *some would profit according to the abundance of their opportunities of acquiring knowledge*. The English students are in general very industrious.

Now, we confess, we never saw a position laid down by persons of eminence with which we more thoroughly disagreed. Mr. Lawrence has not the question directly put to him as to superfluity—but says, in most decided terms, "that those who possess the greatest opportunities of dissection would be the best qualified," and he has, in an earlier part of his evidence, said that he understands that there is no limit in Paris, but that "a person employs as many as he likes,"—without any comment of disapprobation. It is, we own, to us perfectly



incomprehensible how three such men as those we have named could lay down such a proposition. It appears to us that it would be just as rational to say, that the more books a student had on the subject of his study, the more tools and materials were furnished to a mechanic, the less would their progress be. That each separate body would in the event of an unlimited supply be less thoroughly dissected, is very probable—but what then? The only use of dissection is to instruct the dissector—and we cannot see how his knowledge would be diminished by its being derived from several bodies; as, indeed, in all cases it must be. That a young man who was industrious and active would learn his profession more quickly and better with as many bodies as he chose to ask for, we cannot doubt. In the case of too few, he would be detained in his search for such or such a point of knowledge by want of means to acquire it—and we really cannot see how any case of *too* many could arise. There is no motive for it.

But, we think, that there is one principle which will go a considerable way towards accounting for these discrepancies of opinion—viz. that the one side—that, namely, consisting of those who give the smaller number of bodies as necessary, who say that operations on the dead are not necessary, and who think that an unlimited supply would be hurtful—looks to the system as it is, and as it is here. The other, we should say, turns to what ought to be, and to what is elsewhere. We do not mean to carry this to its full extent—but we think the doctrine may be, more in some than others, and not always in the same point in each, traced to the *spirit* which we have indicated above. We could point out numberless instances which tend to support this idea; but it is better that we should devote our space to the pith of the subject, than to striving to account for differences which we are sorry to see exist. We think if any of our readers should be tempted to go through this evidence—and we can assure them we have seldom met any more interesting—they will see reason to agree with us.

We are sorry to state that the effect of reading this mass of evidence has been to leave on our minds the conviction that the study of anatomy is very sensibly declining in this country, and that that arises from the lack of subjects. All those examined agree on this point, that the supply of bodies is by no means sufficient. However they may differ as to the number needed, the number furnished is far, far below the lowest estimate. It is quite clear that unless some mode of supplying subjects be adopted, surgery and medicine will, as the students advance into practitioners, grow worse and worse. The Committee have thoroughly come to the same conclusions, as will be seen in the following extract from their report. It is lamentable to read the last statement there made, which, like all the rest, is most fully borne out by the evidence, which is throughout referred to numerically in the margin. It shews to what a state the scarcity of subjects is fast reducing the general practitioners throughout the country. No blame can attach to them individually for not acquiring that which is beyond their reach—but it is dreadful to think that that which is universally laid down as the only real foundation for medical knowledge, should be unattainable by what has been computed at twenty-nine thirtieths of the profession—we mean the general practitioners in the country:—

It is the duty of the student to obtain, before entering into practice, the

most perfect knowledge, he is able, of his profession ; and for that purpose to study thoroughly the structure and functions of the human body ; in which study he can only succeed by frequent and repeated dissection. But his wants cannot adequately be supplied in this country, except at an expense, amounting nearly to a prohibition, which can be afforded only by the most wealthy, and precludes many students from dissecting altogether. From the precariousness or insufficiency of the supply, the dissections and lectures are often suspended for many weeks, during which the pupils are exposed to the danger of acquiring habits of dissipation and indolence ; and, from the same causes, that important part of surgical education is usually omitted, which consists in teaching how to perform on the dead body those operations which the student may afterwards be required to practise on the living. But not only does the student find dissection expensive and difficult of attainment ; but he cannot practise it, without either committing an infringement of the law himself, or taking an advantage of one committed by others. In the former case he must expose himself to imminent hazard, and in either, he may incur severe penalties, and be exposed to public obloquy. The law, through the medium of the authorities entrusted with conferring diplomas, and of the boards deputed by them to examine candidates for public service, requires satisfactory proof of proficiency in Anatomical Science, although there are no means of acquiring that proficiency without committing daily offences against the law. The illegality and the difficulties attending the acquisition of the science, dispose the examiners in some cases to relax the strictness of their examination, and induce them, in the case of the Apothecaries' Company, to dispense with dissection altogether ; the persons to whom certificates are granted by the examiners of this Company, being those who, from their numbers \* and extensive practice, ought especially, for the safety of the public, to be well instructed. The annual number of certificates so granted exceeds 400.

To cure such a state of things as this is manifestly a public duty ; and if the most advisable plan carry with it the exceeding advantage of annihilating the system of exhumation, surely such an arrangement should join the efforts of all well-wishers of their species in the furtherance of its success.

The plan, then, which has been proposed is, that the bodies of all who die in hospitals, the infirmaries of workhouses, and similar establishments, and remain unclaimed for a given time, should be delivered up for dissection, with proper security from the surgeon that the burial rites should be performed. In this case no feelings could be injured—for if there were any friends who objected to the dissection, his claiming the body would prevent its being subjected to it, yet would not saddle him with the expense of the burial. Many are buried at the expense of the parish, whose friends do follow them to the grave. These persons would not come within the class designated. There would be here *no feelings to injure* ; the great end would be answered, and by means totally irreproachable. The supply derivable from this source, it is unanimously agreed, would be thoroughly and amply sufficient.

Still, there was one point on which we confess we had some doubts—and most glad we are to find, from another unanimous opinion of the surgeons examined, that they were quite unfounded. The only possible objection which suggested itself to us as against this regulation, was that the belief, or still more the certainty, of dissection following death,

\* Computed at 10,000 in England and Wales.



might painfully affect the mind of the patient while still living. But every one gives testimony against this ;—Mr. Brodie says—

I believe it is the case in some hospitals, at any rate it used to be so, that the bodies cannot be examined without the form of permission of the friends ; in our hospital \* it has always been considered as a rule that every body who died was to be examined, and we have had no difficulty about it ; perhaps, once in two or three years, there comes a poor woman to pray that her child or her sister may not be examined, because it was her wish that she should not ; but it is very rarely that there is any such application, either before or after death ; they consider the examination as a matter of course, and think nothing about it.—148. Is it your opinion that the dislike to the practice of the examination is on the decrease ?—I believe so.—149. Should you extend the same remark to the practice of dissection ?—Examination is in fact dissection to a certain extent ; the more people's minds are familiarized to dissection, the less they think of it. Those who live in the neighbourhood of an anatomical school think nothing about it.

Mr. Abernethy speaks still more strongly :—

197. At the time of adding the dissecting establishment to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, did you find that the number of persons claiming admission fell off ?—Not at all.—198. You do not believe it would occasion any alteration ?—I am sure it would not ; there is a hospital in this town where the poor know that the most of the bodies are dissected, and yet applications for admission there are as numerous as in other hospitals ; the poor go into hospitals because they are ill and in a state of penury ; and do not think that they are to die there ; or if they do, they care not what is to become of their remains.

Mr. Lawrence thus expresses his similarity of opinion :—

239. Do you anticipate any indisposition, on the part of patients or their friends, to their being sent to hospitals, in case of the unclaimed bodies being given up in every instance to dissection ?—Not the least ; I quite agree with Mr. Abernethy upon that point.

We have given the words of these very eminent persons, because we think the being thoroughly satisfied as to the effect upon the mind of the patient must be of the highest gratification to every humane person. What we are about to extract relates, for the most part, to the feelings of the friends ; but there are some very strong points as to the patients themselves, and the whole is we think in the highest degree encouraging. It is from the evidence of Dr. Southwood Smith, lecturer on physiology at the Well-street school in the Borough, and author of an essay, entitled, “ The Use of the Dead to the Living,”—the whole of whose evidence seems to us so valuable and so well-given in every way, that we should be most happy to reprint the whole of it, if our space at all permitted its possibility :—

983. Do you wish to add in any point to your evidence ?—There is one point which I wish to say a word about ; I think we cannot pay too much deference to the feelings of the poor, indeed of all classes ; but from what I have observed, I should infer that these feelings are neither so strong nor so difficult to be removed as is commonly imagined : I form this opinion from what I have observed in the analogous case of inspecting the body after death. When I first began to practise in London, I became attached to one of the principal dispensaries ; often there was a very great objection in the minds of the friends of those who died, to allow an examination after death ; but I found that by reasoning with the poor, and explaining to them

\* St. George's.

the importance of such inspection, I could generally succeed in obtaining their consent; ultimately I found but very little difficulty, and it was always greatly lessened by allowing the friends to be present. I observed that they attended to what was going on with great calmness and interest; I recollect no instance of a relative or friend having been present at such examination, who did not become convinced by it of its usefulness and importance; and in very many instances I went away, receiving the warmest thanks of the people for what I had done. I may state that the same result has been obtained at the London Fever Hospital. I am one of the physicians to the London Fever Institution. In that institution a considerable number of persons die annually; it had been the rule never to examine any one there without the consent of friends; we hardly ever meet with any difficulty, and when any objection does exist, it can generally be removed by reasoning the matter with the friends that come to claim the dead. The Irish, of whom there is always a great number in the hospital, must be excepted. We have hitherto not been able to make any impression upon them; latterly, however, we have examined the bodies of all the Irish that have died, without consent; there was some clamour at first; it is now a good deal subsided; and I wish particularly to direct the attention of the committee to the fact, that although it is now known to these people that the body is invariably examined after death, it has not had the least effect in deterring them from entering the hospital.—984. Are the committee to collect from your answer, that you think a mistake is made in behaving towards the public with secrecy and mystery upon this subject; and that you think much may be done by taking proper pains and precaution, and by reasoning with them on the use of dissection?—I think so; I think, in the state of mind at present prevailing in the British public, the poorer classes are as much open to conviction as those above them, and perhaps more so; that they are quite able to perceive the reasonableness of the measure if it were properly represented; and that their feeling is so good, that they would ultimately acquiesce in it.

We now come to a point on which we are rather inclined to differ from the general opinion. Most—indeed we cannot at this moment lay our hand upon any exception—of the witnesses who were asked the question, whether the proposed arrangement should be permissive or mandatory,—namely whether the parish and hospital officers should be compellable, or only allowed, to give up unclaimed bodies, answered they would rather have it permissive only. They assert that a compulsory act would not carry the feelings of the public along with it, which most of them think the other might. It seems to us that these gentlemen overlook that it is only the *unclaimed* bodies which it is proposed to subject to this law. Relations are *not* to be deprived of their deceased friends. But this plan of option would throw that option entirely into the hands of the parish overseers, and the officers of hospitals—a measure, we think, very much calculated to give rise to abuses. Still, if the public mind would go along with this measure, and would not with the other, we should be contented with this last. But we really cannot see the distinction. Let it be borne in mind that none but *unclaimed* bodies would be liable, and we are at a loss to conceive how granting a discretion to official persons wholly uninterested about them should have a tendency to propitiate the public. If, however, it could once be made clear that it did, the minor enactment would, beyond doubt, still be a gift of exceeding value to the country.



There is one objection, concerning both suggestions, on which we must say a few words:—or rather we will borrow the words of the Report to speak for us. We trust that those who have read our work since the commencement of the present series, will need no assurance in words that we should shrink with disgust from any measure that would betray the least tendency to shew favour to the rich at the expense of the poor—that is, of the few and fortunate as contradistinguished from the many and wretched:—

“It may be argued, perhaps, that the principle of selection, according to the plan proposed, is not just, as it would not affect equally all classes of the public; since the bodies to be chosen would, necessarily, be those of the poor only. To this it may be replied, 1st,—that even were the force of this objection to a certain degree admitted, yet that, to judge fairly of the plan, its inconveniences must be compared with those of the existing system; which system, according to the evidence adduced, is liable in a great measure to the same objection; since the bodies exhumated are principally those of the poor\* ; 2dly,—that the evils of this, or of any other plan to be proposed on this subject, must be judged of by the distress which it would occasion to the feelings of surviving relations; and the unfairness to one or another class of the community,—by the degree of distress inflicted on one class rather than another; but where there are no relations to suffer distress, there can be no inequality of suffering, and consequently no unfairness shewn to one class more than another.”

The poor are also, in another way, more interested than the rich in the diffusion of surgical and medical knowledge. The rich can always procure the best assistance; the poor must have recourse to the apothecary in the next village. It is, therefore, most highly their interest that professional education should be widely-spread and sound. Almost every witness uses language to this effect.

The following extract from Sir Astley Cooper's evidence will, we think, bring the practical part of the subject to a close:—

79. If the practice of giving up the unclaimed bodies from workhouses were rendered legal, under what regulations would you propose to place the distribution of the bodies?—There I should revert to my idea of having a Director of Anatomy, so that there should be the most perfect impartiality in the distribution of the bodies, that every thing should be conducted decently, that the fees should be paid, and the funeral rites known to be performed; and when such a director was appointed, I think there would be no difficulty.

We thoroughly agree with Sir Astley, that an establishment of the nature suggested by him would, in the proper regulations of detail,

\* This is proved, by three of the exhumators, as arising from the more slight burial. One of them says that by one digging he has got three or four bodies, and that during the several years he has been in the regular habit of supplying the schools he never “got half-a-dozen of wealthier people.” This witness is represented by Dr. Somerville, Mr. Brodie's assistant, as really living by the supplying bodies, that is, that he is not a thief as well. He himself says that there are forty or fifty men in London who profess to be resurrectionists, but that there are only two besides himself who get their living by it—the others make it a cloak and help to robberies of all kinds—for the police are instructed to connive at men employed in exhumation. This man's evidence is not only highly curious and characteristic, but very instructive also.—ED.

answer admirably. But we should wish to see anatomical schools extended to some of the chief provincial towns, at which, under the proposed system, we doubt not students might receive excellent education, without being forced up to London, at a distance from their friends, and at a heavy, and often embarrassing, expense.

It is also proposed to repeal the existing law, which gives the bodies of executed murderers to dissection. With this we very readily concur. The supply derived from that source is next to nothing,—and the practice certainly does give legislative sanction to the prejudices against dissection, inasmuch as it is thus awarded as part of the punishment of the crime the most terrible to our nature. The idea that there is any thing in the least degrading in dissection ought, above all things, to be removed from the minds of the people.

We hope that most of our readers, who have gone through the foregoing pages, will agree with us:—1. That the knowledge of anatomy is necessary for any proficiency in medical science.—2. That the only possible means of acquiring that knowledge is by the dissection of dead bodies.—3. That the present supply of subjects for dissection, in this country, is grossly insufficient; and that its mode is open to moral objections of the darkest order.—4. That a plan for the remedy of this deficiency has been suggested by the Committee on Anatomy of last year, alike effective, and consonant with reason, feeling, and religion.

So strongly does our own conviction go along with these propositions: that, while we express our most hearty and grateful thanks to the Committee for its admirably conducted labours, we earnestly entreat them not to let sleep their recommendation of a bill being introduced into parliament in the approaching session, to give effect to their philanthropic views.

We said, we believe, at the opening of this article, that we should, during the course of it, devote some attention to the subject of the prejudices against dissection altogether. We find that we have not done so—nor, now, shall we. As the case stands, those prejudices are avoided. No general antipathy to anatomy, or its means, at all exists. It is only when it comes home—when dissection is to take place with regard to beloved objects, that the prejudice—for, amiable, and indicative of many of the best and most beautiful feelings, as we willingly own it to be—still, it is a prejudice;—it is only then, that it arises. Alas! this is one of the fast diminishing number of cases, in which, when Reason has operated undeniable conviction upon the mind, Feeling still creeps in, and causes strong pain that the opinion should be held, even when it is unable to destroy it\*. But, in the plan which we have advocated, this sentiment may remain undisturbed. The measure proposed has the delightful merit of doing no injury and giving no offence to any one, whilst its effects would incalculably tend to promote the first physical blessing of mankind—HEALTH.

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\* We have called these cases fast diminishing, because, thank heaven! we thoroughly believe that Reason and Feeling agree better and better every day the world grows older.



## YOU'LL COME TO OUR BALL.

“ Comment ! c'est lui ?—que je le regarde encore !—c'est que vraiment il est bien changé ; n'est pas, mon papa ? ”—*Les premiers Amours.*

You'LL come to our Ball ;—since we parted,  
 I've thought of you, more than I'll say ;  
 Indeed, I was half broken-hearted,  
 For a week, when they took you away.  
 Fond Fancy brought back to my slumbers  
 Our walks on the Ness and the Den,  
 And echoed the musical numbers  
 Which you used to sing to me then.  
 I know the romance, since it's over,  
 'Twere idle, or worse, to recall :—  
 I know you're a terrible rover ;  
 But, Clarence,—you'll come to our Ball !

It's only a year, since at College  
 You put on your cap and your gown ;  
 But, Clarence, you're grown out of knowledge,  
 And changed from the spur to the crown :  
 The voice that was best when it faltered  
 Is fuller and firmer in tone ;  
 And the smile that should never have altered,—  
 Dear Clarence,—it is not your own :  
 Your cravat was badly selected,  
 Your coat don't become you at all ;  
 And why is your hair so neglected ?  
 You *must* have it curled for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon,  
 To look for a covey with Pup ;  
 I've often been over to Shaldon,  
 To see how your boat is laid up :  
 In spite of the terrors of Auntie,  
 I've ridden the filly you broke ;  
 And I've studied your sweet little Dante,  
 In the shade of your favourite oak :  
 When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,  
 I sat in your love of a shawl ;  
 And I'll wear what you brought me from Florence,  
 Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all changed since you vanished :  
 We've set up a National School ;  
 And waltzing is utterly banished ;  
 And Ellen has married a fool ;  
 The Major is going to travel ;  
 Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout ;  
 The walk is laid down with fresh gravel ;  
 Papa is laid up with the gout :  
 And Jane has gone on with her easels,  
 And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul ;  
 And Fanny is sick of the measles,—  
 And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your Beauties ;—the Lily,  
 And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,  
 And Lucy, who made me so silly  
 At Dawlish, by taking your arm ;  
 Miss Manners, who always abused you,  
 For talking so much about Hock ;  
 And her sister who often amused you,  
 By raving of rebels and Rock ;  
 And something which surely would answer,  
 An heiress, quite fresh from Bengal ;—  
 So, though you were seldom a dancer,  
 You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the world !—from the flowers  
 It shuts out the sunshine of truth ;  
 It blights the green leaves in the bowers,  
 It makes an old age of our youth :  
 And the flow of our feeling, once in it,  
 Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,  
 Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,  
 Grows harder by sullen degrees.  
 Time treads o'er the grave of Affection ;  
 Sweet honey is turned into gall :—  
 Perhaps you have no recollection  
 That ever you danced at our Ball.

You once could be pleased with our ballads ;—  
 To-day you have critical ears :  
 You once could be charmed with our salads ;—  
 Alas ! you've been dining with Peers :  
 You trifled and flirted with many ;  
 You've forgotten the when and the how :  
 There was *one* you liked better than any ;—  
 Perhaps you've forgotten *her* now.  
 But of those you remember most newly,  
 Of those who delight or enthrall,  
 None love you a quarter so truly  
 As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,  
 Because of your wit and your song ;  
 They tell me (and what does it matter ?)  
 You like to be praised by the throng :  
 They tell me you're shadowed with laurel,  
 They tell me you're loved by a Blue ;  
 They tell me you're sadly immoral,—  
 Dear Clarence, *that* cannot be true !  
 But to me you are still what I found you  
 Before you grew clever and tall ;  
 And you'll think of the spell that once bound you ;  
 And you'll come—*won't* you come ?—to our Ball !



## PARIS IN 1828.

## LETTER I.

You wonder you don't hear from me!—You hear nothing of, or from, me!—You begin to think that I, (or, at least, my carcase) must have found my way to the Morgue;—and thus have terminated the career, and perished at once the hopes and prospects of the once high-reaching ———. “’Tis a shrewd guess,” my friend;—but the thing, however likely, has not happened yet.

The fact is—I am in that humour with myself and the world, that I am not in a humour to scribble letters, or, indeed, any thing else; and though the whim has for the moment seized me to commence this epistle to thee, mine ancient friend, ten to one whether the said whim will last so long, as to make me finish it. Why, I say, what has such a fellow as I to do crawling upon the surface of this lump of clay—speculating in darkness and doubt upon the said clay-ball, and the creatures who crawl in crowds upon it along with him—and scribbling he knows not what about things, of the real nature of which he knows nothing—no, nothing!—no more than the things themselves do. I declare to God, I have been living for six months now in this most civilized of cities; and yet, if I were called upon to declare what I know of it, and its inhabitants, I should be somewhat puzzled for an answer. It is clear, for instance, to every two-legged creature, who belongs to the species man, and has had an opportunity of comparing it with other capitals,—say, London—that the houses are built of stone, instead of brick, and that they are loftier than those of London; that the streets, moreover, are narrower, and stink infinitely more; that the air is clearer, and much freer from smoke and fogs. Moreover, the said two-legged creature may discern that those animals, which are not the slaves of art, as man is—the dog, for instance—express their feelings or sensations in the same manner as they do in other countries—an important discovery. But for much more—for giving an *opinion* upon the people,—their customs, manners, morals, and so forth—heaven preserve me from all such presumption, even in a private letter to a friend. And yet you shall have your smart tourist live from a fortnight to three weeks at a place—and in three weeks more he shall patch you up a book upon it, giving a minute and copious history of the said place, from the creation of the world down to the memorable era when the said tourist did it the honour of a visit, with a full and detailed account of all sorts of other things, and every thing in the world connected with it. Aye! and he shall “put money in his purse” by this same speculation, too. And I confess, Clinton, that sometimes when my purse begins to wax lean and lanky, and I wish to “put money in it,” I feel a wish that I possessed some of the confident and learned ignorance of those accomplished ladies and gentlemen. But, unluckily for my purpose, a fit of spleen again comes over me.—I toss down, with derision, my half-grasped

"grey goose-quill;" settling in my own mind that any thing is preferable to telling oceans of lies, making mountains of mistatements, and drivelling seas of stupidity and nonsense. Moreover, as you are aware, Clinton, with a certain learned personage, "I doubt" too much; and indeed, with another very eminent personage, I begin to think that there is nothing worth giving an opinion about. Is this spleen? you say, or philosophy? Or is it the effect of—

The wasted frame—the ruin'd mind—  
The wreck by passion left behind?

It is——!—What does it matter?—It is so.

Talking of the Morgue—that is a singular institution; so singular, that it and things connected with it have occupied a good deal of my attention. I have been there frequently (I mean, of course, like George Selwyn among the hangmen, merely as an amateur,) and have seldom found it empty. I have seen two, three, and even four bodies exposed; and generally with marks of having met with a violent death. I do not mean merely death by suicide, though unquestionably there are many of those; but violent death from the hands of others, whether regular assassins or personal enemies. I have seen some with wounds about the face and breast; and many, as a friend of mine has expressed it, "terribly licked about the head"—that is, with marks of *many* violent contusions about the head. I grant, that a contusion might be received by a person, when he throws himself into the river, coming in contact with a stone, or any hard substance at the bottom. But, then, that would cause but *one* contusion—and would never account for the manifold and awful contusions that are to be seen almost every day at the Morgue; for heads and countenances, and sometimes whole carcasses, evidently *beat* out of the resemblance and form of any thing human. This, I have *seen* with my own eyes, and can attest. But, as to giving any opinion upon it, *c'est une autre chose*. Yet the natural inference would certainly be, that assassinations are very frequent here, indeed—and suicides more so. So that stuff about the English being comparatively such a suicidal race is fudge. The French are very much more so; and gambling is assigned as the cause. There are gambling-houses in Paris, where a man may play *two francs*. And thither repairs the labourer, with his week's wages, which has to maintain his family for the following week—plays—loses it—comes out and throws himself into the Seine; out of which the government, having pocketed a very respectable per-centage upon his gambling losses, can afford to pay for having him taken and exposed in the Morgue; and still be gainers by the "adventure," as the mercantile slang has it.

It ought to be remarked moreover, that his relatives or friends cannot claim and take him from the Morgue, without paying the expenses just mentioned. So that in this case those highly respectable gains of the French Government are clear and without deduction.

What a spectacle that Morgue is! with its iron grating through which so many (particularly those who go there to look for friends or relatives) must shudder while they look, and "tremble as they gaze;" and its black marble tables of death, each supporting its ghastly burthen! In the heat of battle, while the hot work of death is going



on, there is to be seen enough of ghastly sights, but then there is no time to think of them.—When the battle is over too—when the sound of drum and trumpet, and bugle and bagpipe, and musketry and artillery is hushed—and the setting sun or rising moon gleams redly or palely over the hard-contested and carnage-strewn battle-field; there indeed lie the dying and the dead, the wrecks and remains of what was once human,—thick—thick, as

The mower's grass at the close of day.

But there the wounds you behold, ghastly and horrible though they be, have been taken and given in the face of day, and in open and avowed enmity—and probably in a cause which victor and victim alike deemed honourable. But here you behold, as it were, before you, the mangled and blood-besmeared work of the vile and midnight assassin, dragged from its obscure hiding-place, and exposed to the light of day and the observation of men. As you behold the ghastly and appalling spectacle before you, you can picture to yourself, without any very great effort of imagination, the ruthless ruffian inflicting blow after blow and wound after wound upon his overcome or unresisting victim, until his groans and struggles of agony are silenced and ended by death—or are left to “rave themselves to rest” in the midst of the azure waters of the Seine, into which he has been precipitated by the assassin or assassins over the battlement of the bridge upon which he has been attacked, or which may happen to be nearest to the fatal spot. For, be it known to you that the bridges here are (or at least *are said to be*, I have never yet been attacked on them myself) the favourite places for assassination—it is supposed, from the circumstance of the victims being so easily disposed of by being thrown over the parapet into the river, either with or without a stab of the knife. The cabriolets here too are said to be vastly convenient things for pitching a fellow out of into the stream below—and the cabriolet-drivers are said to be adepts in the art. I cannot vouch for the *universal* truth of this *on dit*,—but this I can vouch for, that many of these men, like the class to which they belong in most other places, are insolent, rascally, and ferocious. They generally carry large knives about their persons. There was a scuffle not long since took place some time after midnight, immediately under the lodgings of a friend of mine, between three gentlemen and some of these men, in which two of the gentlemen were dangerously wounded by their knives; and would probably have been killed if an alarm had not been given to the *garde* stationed in the neighbourhood. When the *garde* came up, they found the gentlemen in the street wounded as I have mentioned, and a fiacre and cabriolet driving off at full speed, *brûlaient le pavé*.

In a dispute which a friend and myself had with one of these men one evening, I had also an opportunity of observing their extreme ferocity, when fully awakened. The fellow, among other polite epithets, which he liberally applied, called my friend a *voleur* for refusing to comply with his exorbitant demand. Upon this my friend also waxed somewhat ferocious in his turn, and told the man he would bring him before the police for applying such a term to him, at the same time taking down the number of the cabriolet. From this accusation the rogue pretended to free himself by saying that the charge was false, and

that he had said *menteur*, not *voleur*. I thought at one time I saw the fellow groping for his knife, and I kept a steady eye upon the motions of his hand. He was in a most towering passion when he found he could not obtain his demand; and in that state he drove off. I ought in justice to add, that in some of these men I have seen civility, and even politeness—for that is the proper word here after all. How ridiculous it would sound if applied to a London hackney coachman! I had once occasion to make an enquiry, connected with his profession, of a cabriolet-driver, who was standing with some others beside his cabriolet. He satisfied my enquiry with the utmost minuteness and accuracy, and then taking a neat memorandum-book from his pocket, he wrote down the name and direction of the place I wanted, tore out the leaf, and presented it to me, without having the slightest motive but common politeness, for he had no reason in the world to suppose he should ever see me again.

By the bye, what a glorious place our Waterloo bridge would be for a Parisian assassin! with what coolness and freedom from interruption! with what *nonchalance* and *sang froid* Monsieur might perform the charitable act of sending a poor devil out of this miserable world! Yet you know in London we walk with perfect security, and with consciousness of perfect security, through any part or purlieu of that vast metropolis at any hour of the night; so much so, that for some time I thought they were hoaxing me, when they spoke of the dangers of the streets of Paris to a single pedestrian after midnight. I would not for some time believe them. But I was soon convinced of their being in earnest.

Why, John Bull would exist for at least three months through the whole of merry England from sea to sea, upon the details (such as the English journals would give them) of the contents of the Morgue for one day. Let but a poor intoxicated prostitute take it into her bewildered head to make a leap off the battlements of Waterloo bridge, (it's a pretty fair leap, Clinton)—and behold, forthwith, John's journals give him a full and detailed description of the circumstance in all its lights and bearings—with a minute account of the poor woman's birth, parentage, and education, not omitting the full and pleasing particulars of her mode of living, with the decorum, elegancies, and comfort, of the same. Her very conversations and opinions on men and things are recorded; and she finds a Boswell, as well as Dr. Johnson, Napoleon, and Lord Byron. And all this strange mess John Bull, gaping and wonder-stricken, swallows as if it were merely "Go to, swallow a gooseberry." And then when any mysterious murder peeps out, what a delightful task to trace the pleasing investigation through all its turnings and windings! What an entrancing confusion of wounds, blood, blood-stained bludgeons, hedgestakes, blunderbusses, pistols, penknives, &c. &c. &c.!!! When a *real* and actual bloody and atrocious murder, like that of Weare, is brought to light, John's ecstasies are indescribable. The baboon on board the vessel during an engagement—running about the deck—dancing, capering, frantic with delight, is a trifle to him. Why—I could regale John for months and years with the garbage, with the very offals, of the Morgue even for a single week.



But how does all this agree, you will perhaps ask, with the reputed excellence of the French police? The case is thus, my friend—the Parisian *gens-d'armes* (I think the finest, best appointed, and most soldier-like set of men I have seen) make the rounds in bodies of four or five and upwards—a consequence of which is that you may walk about the streets of Paris a whole night without meeting any of them. So that a man may be assassinated twenty times over, without obtaining the slightest assistance from these redoubtable *gendarmes*; who are, I believe, after all, like most of the institutions under a despotic government, intended rather as a protection of the government, than of the subject. However this may be, the *gens-d'armes*, both mounted and otherwise, are an effective and well-organized body of men—as they ought to be, since they take precedence of all the rest of the French military—and, indeed, are mostly composed of veterans, promoted to this corps from the other corps of the army, for services and good conduct. So that the French police, though not so effectively distributed for the protection of the subject, are composed of a very different class of persons, as regards respectability of character and qualifications, from our worthy, respectable, and redoubted “*guardians of the night*.” I have often stood and admired the soldierly carriage and admirable equipments of the Paris *gens-d'armes à cheval*, as they rode slowly along the streets, mounted on their beautiful long-tailed horses. They still retain the large cocked hat—and they are almost the only persons on whom I have thought it looked well. They have altogether a truly soldierly and veteran appearance; and many of them, I dare say, have dearly earned a right to such an appearance, by long and hard service in the ranks of Napoleon's war-worn and weather-beaten armies.

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LETTER II.

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You say “I hope you will come back cured.”—Alas! Clinton, that, I fear, is a vain hope. For I now find how truly poets have said, (though for a mind in the state of mine to quote them may seem sufficiently ridiculous, at least according to the dicta of some dramatic critics, who affirm that people should never be poetical when they are really suffering in mind; yet there is a diversion of mind even in referring to or quoting what the poets have said)—Horace—

——— Quid terras alio calentes  
Sole mutamus? *patriæ quis exul*  
Se quoque fugit?

And Byron—

What exile from himself can flee?  
To zones, though more and more remote,  
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,  
The blight of life—the demon thought.  
Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,  
With many a retrospection curst.

I seek, in change of scene, relief from the unrelenting demon that pursues and tortures me—but I seek in vain. I shall probably thus traverse Europe—possibly the world—and still in vain. Mine indeed seems a fate singularly hard. I bear about with me over the earth and waters the curse of Cain, without his crimes.

I have plunged into the gaieties and dissipations of this gay and dissipated city—but the grim gaunt spectre of the mind haunts me everywhere. Even considering my state of mind as a case of disease, I have attempted to cure it, as in medicine they cure some diseases of the body, by superinducing the action of another, and more immediately exciting disease. Ay, Clinton, I, who used to reason with such clearness, and force, and energy, against the vice of gambling—who was so convinced of its inexpediency as a mean of acquiring honourably what all pursue—who, in short, regarded it with such a calm but deep and decided aversion and contempt—yes, I, Clinton, have made myself, for a time, literally and immediately the sport, the *ludibrium*, the puppet, the plaything, the football of the strumpet Fortune. I have sounded the awful depths of the gamester's hell—

But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back  
Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.

And yet, Clinton, it is a potent specific—a powerful and dangerous spell. What a gigantic, and what a demon-like gripe is that with which it holds, and wrings, and shakes, and shatters, that human mind that has once fallen within its grasp! It is no common struggle, no faint and feeble wrestling that is necessary to shake off the hellish assailant. There must be a mighty, ay, a convulsive effort, or you struggle and writhe in vain—in the hands of a tormentor who never knew fear, or pity, or remorse. I am myself, perhaps, not a fair case—yet even I have felt the giant's power. But I have seen some of my acquaintance, who, if powers wasted, time mispent, and a mind ruined, be proofs that *something* has been suffered, may well attest the propriety of calling a gambling-house a hell—and be an everlasting warning to all (to whom warning does not come too late) to shun, indeed, as “the gate of hell,” the brilliant, mirrored, and gilded halls of Frescati.

Pope said, “Every woman is at heart a rake.” I do not say that he was right, mark me—but I say that every man, ay, and woman too, is at heart a gambler. It is the same principle at its source, only having taken another direction to arrive at the same point, which makes a man desire power. The stoic, the cynic, and the sage too, may say what they please to the contrary; but every man that has ever lived, or, while the nature of man remains the same, that ever will live, has (or will have) in the bottom of his heart desired power, no matter as to the difference of form. Now, knowledge, they say, is power. It may be so. But it is a power which does not act immediately—the effect of it is not instantaneous. Will knowledge upon the instant put a man into the possession and enjoyment of the cup of pleasure and the smile of beauty? But gold will do this. Ay, it will do for him all that the earthly omnipotence of king or kaiser can do. And, therefore, here gold is power—and men gamble to get gold, and, therefore, to get power.



Of course in the above remarks it is not implied that the votaries of gambling have taken the proper and right road to arrive at power—quite the contrary.

It is easy to distinguish the young votary—the raw and inexperienced—from him with whom *rouge et noir* has been the business of a life. Our countrymen are particularly remarkable, and easy to be known in these places. The most common form and circumstance under which your Englishman makes his appearance in that palace of vice, that gilded Gehenna, are these:—About, say from nine to ten, you see a young man (verily a foolish young man, like him observed by Solomon) enter—easily distinguishable from the surrounding mass of (notwithstanding Legion of Honour orders and mustachios) tailor-like-looking Frenchmen by the superior taste, elegance, and costliness of his dress, as well as by a countenance flushed with a larger quantity of the more generous juice of the grape than a Frenchman usually allows himself. In short, it would be vastly superfluous to describe to you, Clinton, how an Englishman, who is “living like a fighting cock,” usually looks about that hour of the evening.

Impletur veteris Bacchi, pinguisque farinae.

The youth hath his purse full of good money, and his brain full of the vapours of good wine. He is evidently in a state of excitement already; and he is come to seek further and more violent excitement at the *rouge et noir* table. What dim and shadowy yet magnificent visions of unbounded wealth and unbounded enjoyment are floating before his mind's mystified eye! Those glittering, tempting rouleaus that lie before the dealers!—they are all already, in imagination, his. Those billets de “cinq cent francs,” de “mille francs,” de “dix mille francs,” de “douze mille francs,”—he will have a shot at them all! Has he not a right to have his fun for his money? May he not have his “whistle,” though it cost him somewhat dear? To be sure—to be sure, Jack—down with your gold, like a man and a gentleman!

A bold stroke, to put those ten double Napoleons upon the rouge. Hark to the voice of the dealer!—“*Un!*”—“*Sacré nom de Dieu!*”—Your four hundred francs are gone, my friend. Mounseer draws them towards him with that damned hook, and clutches them with a placid and subdued rapture. Well—he will try rouge again, though not exactly on the doubling system; he will put down five hundred francs this time. Again are the golden heaps swept into the box of the bank. “*D—n!*” is muttered between the teeth; but a great apparent, though evidently forced, calmness of manner is preserved. But shall John be done out of his money in this way by Mounseer? No, no—obstinacy is the thing—call it perseverance if you will. Stick to the red, Jack, my boy. There you are again, you unfortunate dog!—a palpable run upon black. No matter for that; Jack is an animal of game, like one of his own true mastiffs;—he has perseverance; and he plays upon red till his funds are exhausted, and then he walks off, with a cheek a *little* flushed—the slightest in the world—and an eye not altogether placid. I might give you examples of much higher play; but this will do for an average case. For instance, the Duke of Mount Million played, of course, much higher, and with very different success, the

other evening, when he broke the bank twice in the same night. With what honours his Grace must have been received by his amiable and interesting duchess when he returned home with his "veni, vidi, vici!" His grace was never taken for a magician; but he did on that occasion what some very great men have attempted in vain. O Fortune! Fortune! how strange are thy freaks!

Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu  
Mortale corpus, vel superbos  
Vertere funeribus triumphos!

I used to wonder, when a boy, what could make Horace address an ode to Fortune. But, alas! that wonderment has now long ceased; and if I could write as well as Horace, I would indite an address myself to the capricious but powerful deity.

The illustrious vanquishers of Napoleon, after the battle of Waterloo, probably conscious how much they were indebted to the goddess, and perhaps fancying that they were thenceforth to be her especial favourites for ever, are said to have frequently paid her homage and sought her favours in this her chosen temple—

Hic illius arma—his currus fuit—

with but indifferent success. She shewed them that they were still but mere mortals; and that, though she had favoured them eminently on one or two occasions, yet *here* the redoubted Blucher and the high and mighty Prince of Waterloo must, at the most, share her favours with such votaries as his Grace of Mount Million. A Frenchman informed me that he had frequently seen both of these martial dignitaries in several Parisian *maisons de jeu*, much less select and exclusive than the aristocratic "*salon*." The King of Prussia had some very heavy debts to pay for Blucher, which his "Valiancy" had contracted at such places.

The Englishman is gone—fleeced, moneyless, chap-fallen; and those laughing dames, who had been eyeing him with attention as a wealthy prize, are disappointed of their prey. Unhappy beings! A piteous spectacle that, Clinton! and yet it is only one among many such "sights of woe" that are daily and nightly visible in this earthly Pandæmonium.

Regions of sorrow! doleful shades! where peace  
And rest can never dwell! Hope—

ay, but hope does come; but then it is a hope that "lures but to destroy;" and

—porte au fin fond des enfers,  
Digne séjour de ces esprits perdus.



## MORAL TENDENCIES OF KNOWLEDGE.

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“ These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,—  
 These goods He grants who grants the power to gain ;  
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,  
 And makes the happiness she does not find.”——JOHNSON.

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WE were about to write upon this subject, having had our attention strongly drawn to it by an article in the “ Companion to the Almanac,” on the effects of Education upon Crime. While we were chewing the cud of the many sweet, and alas ! the some bitter, fancies which arose upon this most momentous of human subjects—namely, the moral fruits of knowledge, we received the following paper. We chanced to have been in company with the writer at the time when the article in the “ Edinburgh Review,” on Pestalozzi, which is alluded to in the commencement of these remarks, had just appeared. We had neither of us ever read “ Leonard and Gertrude,” and our friend determined to do so at once. “ If you do,” we replied, “ pray send some notice of it to our Magazine—for at this time a multitude of minds is turned towards education ;—it will be many a long year before that topic will tire.”

In accordance with this wish, the paper, which the reader will presently see, reached us a short time back. It is any thing but a review of “ Leonard and Gertrude.” It rather gives a brief notice of Pestalozzi’s principles, as exemplified in that book, with our correspondent’s own feelings and ideas upon them. At first sight, it will seem in some degree to contravene the principles on Useful Education, which we have from time to time advocated, since this Magazine came into our hands. “ Contravene” is, perhaps, too strong a word—but it certainly attributes to the system we have been in the habit of supporting some faults of omission—which accusation, we think, has arisen, as so many do in metaphysical matters, from scarcely more than a mere difference of verbal interpretation. We trust, when we have given our answer, very little and very slight difference will remain between us and our correspondent. We confess, we are glad to have an opportunity of discussing this question, as we have heard sentiments of nearly the same colour expressed before ; and it will be quite clear to our readers that the persons who hold such as those they are about to read, must be exactly calculated to make us desire their thorough co-operation, more than that of any class which is not altogether with us already.

We shall now, without further preface, give the letter on which we have been observing—then our own comments on it—and, lastly, some remarks on the effects which education has even already produced.

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I have been reading Pestalozzi’s tale of “ Leonard and Gertrude.” I am only vaguely acquainted with his system of education ; but the very interesting article in the Edinburgh Review induced me, as you

know, to send for this book. His character, drawn by Dr. Mayo, excited my warmest admiration, and I opened my parcel the moment it arrived, and sat down to read. The date of the preface to the first edition is 1781; that to the second, 1803, when he again presents his original ideas unaltered by the fruits of his observations during the course of an active life. His professions are to describe the condition of the people according to what he had learned by his own personal experience, and to have been careful never to set down his own opinions instead of what he had seen, heard, and known the people themselves feel, judge, say, and attempt. The purpose of his work is, "through the medium of a tale, to communicate some important truths to the people in the way most likely to make an impression on their understandings and their feelings;" and "by pointing out the real situation of the people, and their natural and durable connections with each other, to lay a foundation for their progressive improvement." In the second preface, he says that his book had produced no effect as a representation of the nature of domestic education, but made an impression chiefly as a tale. To me the effect is quite contrary: as a tale it is frequently puerile; indeed, at first, its extreme simplicity makes one doubt the reality of the scenes represented. You feel as though introduced to the good and bad characters that belong to the invention of an amiable but somewhat weak intellect, rather than to descriptions of nature as it exists around us. And truly, Pestalozzi addresses and describes a far more primitive and simple race than those by whom *we* are surrounded.

This impression, however, wore off as I read on; and I began to look on his characters and the manners he describes as accurate portraits of an interesting people, who, retaining the ignorance of childhood, also retained more of its docility and tenderness of heart, than, in our advanced state, belongs either to our virtues or our vices. Still, as a tale, "*Leonard and Gertrude*" cannot much attract attention, while, as a representation of Pestalozzi's ideas upon the nature of domestic education, it may interest deeply, even should its scenes fail to touch the heart. Many of the scenes are entirely inapplicable to any country where the relations of the rich and poor have become more independent; and many of the peculiarities of Swiss manners and customs would render the tale absurd to those who are not acquainted with what the Cantons were thirty years ago. But the general and broad facts belong to human nature in every situation; and it is this truth to nature in its best feelings, the strong faith in the goodness of the human heart, the strain of fervent and humble piety that runs through the book which constitutes the charm of it. I know not that I ever met a book that breathed so pious a spirit, and was at the same time so perfectly free from every tinge of sectarian narrowness or dogmatism. Some, and I think perhaps even you, might object to the familiarity of the religious instruction here exhibited—for, alas! the spirit of devotion has become faint amongst us; and I fear the great majority of those who most seek the improvement of the world, however truly they may advocate the love of our neighbour, feel but coldly towards the love of God. The cant and folly of Methodism has much of this lukewarmness to answer for; but there is



also a tone of mere worldly calculation in the way in which good is generally taught; an intellectual prudent inculcation of virtue which falls short of the real dignity of the heart of man. Knowledge and Virtue are, I think, considered more inseparable than they really are; and the great and admirable advances which have, within these few years, been made towards general education and the diffusion of knowledge, has dazzled the best of us; and the intellect has been more exclusively attended to by all (except those who, as narrow religionists, seem to think reason was bestowed merely to be resigned), than should follow from a due consideration of the whole nature of man, and of the circumstances of trial and misery in which, notwithstanding the improvement in his condition that knowledge must occasion, he is still, and I believe ever must be, liable to.

Pestalozzi is far from belonging to what I will venture to call the intellectual class of enthusiasts, although his life was devoted to the purpose of educating the poor. He seems to condemn the unlimited thirst after knowledge that does not immediately relate to our condition, as tending to embarrass the mind to the injury of the moral portion of our being, the excellence of which appears in his views to reflect the image, though faintly, of the Head and Author of all excellence. He thus expresses himself, in his second preface:—"The ruling maxims of the latter half of the past century were almost altogether deficient in the simplicity of strength, and in the strength of simplicity. They aimed at a high stretch of knowledge,—but man, as a whole, remained ignorant, arrogant, and enslaved. Trusting in the extent of his knowledge, he, as it were, lost himself. It was a misfortune to the race of man, during this century, that, by this extension of their knowledge, they were prevented from seeing that they lived without any real strength or stability; and, by this self-deception, they lost all feeling for the truth and greatness of the simple relations of nature and society;"—and in the chapter, where the good Squire and enlightened Pastor discourse upon the best means of preventing superstition, and teaching the people, he more explicitly states, that the best method, "in educating the poor, is to ground their knowledge of the truth upon the pure feelings of innocence and love; to turn their attention chiefly to the surrounding objects which interest them in their individual situations." "The education of the poor should be founded upon clear ideas of surrounding objects, and the temperate exercise of the desire and wishes of human nature; because these are undoubtedly the foundation of true human wisdom. To fix the attention strongly on speculative opinions and distant objects, and feebly upon our duties, our actions, and the objects which surround us, is to create disorder in the soul of man. It leads to ignorance about our most important affairs, and to a foolish predilection for information and knowledge which do not concern us. Roughness and hardness of heart are the natural consequences of all pride and presumption; and the source of the inward poison of superstition and prejudice is clearly derived from this: that, in the education of the people, their attention is not steadily turned to the circumstances and objects around them, which have a strong and near relation to their individual situation, and would lead their hearts to pure and tender feelings of humanity upon all occasions."

Pestalozzi has that strong belief in the natural excellence of unsophisticated man, which is a necessary ingredient in the character that devotes itself to the purpose of amending the condition of mankind. This is shared by all who advocate the cause of education; but I am not sure but that it is a great error to suppose that enlightening the understanding will at once purify and exalt the heart. Do not mistake me;—I fully go along with what Brougham says in his admirable "Preliminary Treatise" to the "Library of Useful Knowledge," that "the mere gratification of curiosity, the knowing more to-day than we knew yesterday, the understanding what before seemed obscure and puzzling, the contemplation of general truths, and the comparing together of different things,—is an agreeable occupation; and, besides the present enjoyment, elevates the faculties above low pursuits, purifies and refines the passions, and helps our reason to assuage their violence." Helps our reason!—Yes: when reason has been duly trained to pay paramount attention to the moral sense; otherwise, I am inclined to think these intellectual pursuits serve, indeed, to refine, but not much to restrain, the passions; and I am not of opinion that, in depriving vice of its grossness, we deprive it of half its evil. The grossness of vice will sometimes deter those who would embrace her when decked in some decency of drapery; but all degrees of decency bespeak a measure, however small, of respect for virtue; and I would not destroy even this negative homage. The most influential promoters of education, and of the diffusion of useful knowledge, no doubt have the cause of Virtue at heart; they combat ignorance as its chief foe; and none can deny but that ignorance is the cause of evil of all descriptions, the fruitful parent of vice and crime of all kinds. To remove ignorance is to break up the soil, to fit it for the produce of the luxuriant crop. It is more; it is also sowing the seed, it is occupying the ground with valuable products, whose possession of the soil hinders the growth of many weeds. But the earth teems, and throws up thistles as well as grass, tares even amongst the wheat; man is still more capable of displaying the greatest variety of principles from what seems one stock. The vices of the savage are not displayed by the most depraved member of the dense population of a manufacturing town; the vices of brutal ignorance are not to be seen amongst intelligent artificers; the progress of civilization (another name for that of knowledge) removes the chief causes of all cruel and atrocious crimes, and gives fair play to the just, sound, and prudential views that lead to the formation of a fair worldly character. But man is not wholly intellectual; and although there certainly are debased propensities and feelings which never can exist where knowledge has been acquired, there is still a plentiful crop of evil that may flourish along with the fruits of science and the flowers of cultivation. This must be acknowledged, when we consider what has been the character of the upper orders while knowledge was confined to the few; it raised them from the most degrading temptations, freed them from the vices of ignorance and brutality;—but did they display a proportionate improvement in principles? had they a proportionately stronger attachment to the right, because their lights were stronger? It may be said, sounder views are now more general amongst the most enlight-



ened; that their horizon is extended as knowledge has spread wider amongst the people in general; and that virtue increases *now* in due and equal degrees with the general progress of science and information. I trust and hope it may be the case. But, as more sure and certain means, I would appeal to the highest principles, to those principles which belong to the heart, and which, though immortal in the soul of man, will languish when not early cultivated, and which I fear the present efforts to spread general information are in some degree likely to neglect.

Pestalozzi says, "I take no part in the disputes of men about opinions, but I think all will agree that whatever makes us pious, good, true, and brotherly,—whatever cherishes the love of God and of our neighbour, and whatever brings happiness and peace into our houses, should be implanted in the hearts of all for our common good." And I too would wish to avoid collision with men's opinions, were it possible to inculcate the spiritual nature of all the kind and benevolent affections without doing so. Worldly advantages, and pleasures and profits are now chiefly held out to lure us to the acquirement of knowledge; they are powerful, just, and true motives for exertion. But "there are greater things than these" which lead to higher cultivation without excluding any advantage which belongs to rational and honourable prudence. Do you think I am going to attempt to unite the advantages that may belong to enthusiasm and to worldliness! no—but I wish I could arouse a more powerful pen to advocate the principle I can but faintly point out; the connection and harmony that may subsist between the moral and intellectual powers, but the distinct, though simultaneous cultivation each should receive. Sunday Schools and Bible societies take one side,—Mechanics' Institutes, and cheap books the other. Each I think too exclusive in their views, and between them both I do not think the love of God and of our neighbour inculcated with the efficacy that the heart would respond to, were it touched as such a noble instrument should be.—The principle on which infant schools are founded, appears to me excellent for large towns, where mothers are necessarily often absent from their children, and are ignorant, and often worse than ignorant; but no society can, I think, be equal to the provision of nature where that is duly administered.—Again, to use the words of Pestalozzi, he makes his "address to mothers, and to the hearts which God has given them, to induce them to be to their children what no one else can be to them." "Let people say what they will, nature, and God, its Eternal Creator, have left nothing wanting. It is blasphemy to maintain that mothers have no desire to devote themselves to their children. Let people say what they will, I am full of trust in this desire, and full of hope for the consequences which the excitement of it will produce. The greatest corruption which can arise from the errors of man, does not entirely destroy human nature. Its strength is inextinguishable."

And to mothers would I, also, appeal for the foundation of the character; to them I would appeal for the cultivation of those affections of piety and kindness, which fit us to be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." I would appeal to them for the early cultivation of the principle of conscientiousness, which is too generally neglected in

childhood. The best too frequently teach even virtue upon worldly and selfish motives ; they do not excite the natural love of excellence for its own intrinsic sake, which belongs to our nature, although we strive to lessen the purity of the principle by dwelling exclusively on the *advantages* and utility of goodness ; they do not sufficiently “ respect in the mind of the child, the future man,—in the man, reverence the rudiments of the angel.” That we are immortal beings should never be forgotten ; yet how few that are not exclusively devoted to religion are actuated by this truth ! And these drive many who are well intentioned away from the ennobling consideration, by demanding them to forget that they are men in whom the spiritual nature is but imperfectly developed. The intellectual admit our great destiny ; but in their attention to the wonders the mind can perform here, they sometimes lose sight of the practical influence which should follow from the truth they rejoice to admit, but which, alas ! they often lay by in a napkin, while they are intent upon cultivating the powers that, magnificent as they are, useful and enchanting as is their exercise, would fill us with mournful perplexity were their sphere and duration limited to the extent of earthly life.

I could wish some English writer would undertake a work upon the plan of Pestalozzi's tale, combining equal knowledge of the details of practical life with equal fervour and purity of piety and love of man. I fear his book is quite unsuited to our population, but they possess virtue and worth sufficient and more than sufficient to afford materials to be worked upon ; although the extreme simplicity of the Swiss whom Pestalozzi addressed, almost a generation back, does not exist, I am confident the strength and simplicity of enlightened and humble piety need only be put forth to produce good effect.

Does not your heart melt,—for mine does, when I read such passages as these in the midst of the homely, unadorned tale ? “ Gertrude thought it was death, and told Rudi so. How he and all the little ones wrung their hands in anguish I cannot describe—Reader, let me be silent and weep, for it goes to my heart to think how man, in the dust of earth ripens to immortality ; and how in the pomp and vanity of the world, he decays without coming to maturity.—Weigh then, O man, weigh the value of life, on the bed of death ; and thou who despisest the poor patient and dost not know him—tell me can he have lived unhappy who can thus die ! But I refrain ; I wish not to teach you, O men, I only wish you to open your eyes, and see for yourselves what really is happiness or misery, a blessing or a curse in this world.” “ O Eternity ! when thou revealest the ways of God, and the blessedness of those to whom he teaches steadfastness, courage, patience, by suffering want and sorrow,—O Eternity ! how wilt thou exalt those tried ones who have been so lowly here.”

Here our correspondent breaks off somewhat abruptly. The reasoning might perhaps have ended more pithily if we had stopped at the conclusion of the passage preceding the last—but we could not strike out that which appeals to the heart on behalf of the poor ! Not only the great and wealthy, but even those whose labour places them in circumstances of comfort and ease, think but far too little upon the



misery existing at their gate, or in the next street. This is one frightful point of that condition of the poor, which we hope and believe, most fully, the great question of which we are now treating, to be the chief means of softening by degrees, and *ultimately* of removing altogether.

This may seem Utopian—and certainly, never in our own lives shall we be able to say, “See, we prophesied truly.” But, when we look to what even the last fifteen years have done, we think it is by no means extravagant to hope that our children, or theirs—or, if you will, theirs again—will see the general diffusion of Comfort and Peace, through Virtue and Knowledge: while each generation, including our own, some few years hence, will have the gratification of beholding the progress to that end, whether slow or rapid, still steady and sure.

We have here said that we believe that Virtue and Knowledge will co-operate to produce happiness. And we certainly regard them as more directly fellow-labourers than, at the first view, our correspondent would seem to do. We grant that they are not identical—we believe that spontaneous and natural good and benevolent feelings may exist without knowledge;—though even they are not so thoroughly to be relied on as those which are founded upon the rock of *Principle*; and *that* scarcely can exist without some degree of cultivation. On the other hand, we think that any considerable share of knowledge will, in the vast majority of instances, involve goodness. And this brings us to the difference of verbal interpretation, on which we conceive the main variance between our correspondent and ourselves really rests. When we use the word cultivation, or the word knowledge, we mean distinctly to include moral culture, moral knowledge. We repeat, we have not sufficient confidence in that vague, untutored goodness which is often the result of mere physical temperament, or, at the most, of a happy mental disposition. We prefer that which—if founded upon the above fortunate circumstances so much the better—is made firm and sure by that Instruction which leads to Principle. Principle is the first stay and reliance of Virtue, and that is never given by Nature; it must be made.

We would not, for the world, be supposed in the remotest degree to undervalue those excellences of the heart and temper, which are among the greatest blessings which can be bestowed upon human nature. They, indeed, are twice blessed, in the manner which Shakspeare has made so familiar to us—they bless those who possess them, and those on whom their influence is shed. But if they do not exist by the gift of God, they can only be brought forth by education. And many, we are sure, can easily call to mind instances in which tuition has supplied defects, and rooted out bad qualities, where Care, and Kindness, and cultivated Sense have been exerted for the purpose.

This extension of the application of the term Education to moral, as well as merely intellectual instruction, would tend, we think, very nearly to reconcile our ideas with our correspondent's. But there are two points even on this part of the subject, on which we must be permitted to say a little more. We really do not see how moral culture is to take place without its being accompanied, to a considerable extent, by intellectual culture. How is it possible to inculcate those principles which form the only safeguard for goodness, unless the mind has

sufficient power to receive them, to digest them, to enable them to become part of the heart? We cannot—would that we could!—concur in that “strong belief in the natural excellence of unsophisticated man,” which our correspondent, in attributing it to Pestalozzi, designates, with a rashness visible, we think, in no other part of the letter, as “a necessary ingredient in the character that devotes itself to the purpose of amending the condition of mankind;” and adds that it “is shared by all who advocate the cause of education.” *We* cannot share in it—would to heaven that we could!—and it is natural, therefore, that we should not believe that it is necessary for all who desire to ameliorate the condition of mankind. We cannot agree with this necessity, because we do not think the dogma true. We thoroughly believe in the *natural capacity of man to acquire* excellence, but we do not in its original gift at the time of his birth. And we do not believe this, because universal experience, as it appears to us, tends directly to the reverse. That men are born with different talents, temperaments, and dispositions, seems to us so evident, that it would be waste of time to prove it by instances. That the general tendency of unsophisticated nature is towards good we are well inclined to believe—but the exceptions are so many, and occasionally so strong, that we cannot regard it as a principle to be trusted to in action. We think the minds and hearts of all need culture; and those of many require the pruning-knife, as well as the implements which produce and foster.

But we do go further, also, than our correspondent, in our estimation of mere intellectual cultivation; though we are far from saying that it is sufficient in itself. We think that “intellectual pursuits” do “restrain” as well as “refine the passions”—because that the very exercise of reason prevents, in proportion to its extent, the activity of the more hurtful passions. Reason, in its advance, carries with it the improvement of moral goodness—for it carries with it the habit of thought—and the more people think, the better they will be. We are the very last persons in the world who would check the warm and kindly ebullitions of the heart; but these, we are confident, would, in a mind made pure by Reason, be only the warmer and more kindly. It is the worse and fiercer outbreaks of our nature which it is calculated to weaken and to destroy.

Our correspondent says most truly that “Ignorance is the cause of evil of all description;” and that to remove it is not only to break up the soil, and fit it for produce, but is also sowing the seed of valuable crops. But then allusion is made to the thistles which grow among grass, and the tares among wheat. Undoubtedly they do; but the more the soil is prepared, the fewer are the weeds—the more the human mind is cultivated, the fewer will be its vices. In illustration of the opinion that moral faults will exist in despite of intellectual cultivation, our correspondent cites “the character of the upper orders, while knowledge was confined to the few;” and asks, whether they displayed “a proportionate improvement in principle because their lights were the stronger?” Here, again, we think that, in the main, we agree with our friend; for while we own that the upper classes certainly had not “a proportionately stronger attachment to the right,” we ascribe its absence entirely to the lack of Moral Culture. Perhaps we are not



very strongly inclined to attach high value to the usual intellectual education of the gentlemen of England; but their moral education, we at once confess, we rate at almost nothing. There is a carelessness, an apathy, in most parents of the upper classes\*, which is scarcely short of marvellous. When do they ever take any direct, or indirect, mode (the latter we think the better) of bringing before their sons' minds the beauty of Kindness and Generosity?—the advantages—in every sense, personal, social, and eternal—of Virtue? When do they ever strive to form the juster, the nobler, and the kinder feelings into *principles*? We are quite aware that set sermons upon such subjects would have, probably, the contrary effect from that desired; but it needs but little skill for one with the opportunities of a parent to imbue his children with those principles by degrees, without running any risk of wearying or revolting them by a too formally didactic manner of proceeding.

Do the upper classes act thus? Can you, Sir, or you, whose eye may be tracing these lines, say that you have seen such things done around you?—that you have experienced them in your own person when a boy? We fear you cannot. We fear that on such matters parents are almost universally careless; while schoolmasters (we fear the few exceptions would nearly allow us to say quite universally) think them totally beyond the scope of their duty. The regular routine of the school does not include such matters; and the masters think of nothing beyond the regular routine. We might, however, very naturally expect to find such a system prevalent at home; and what is the system there? At home, if things move quietly on—if the son says his Latin grammar correctly, or—if he be rather beyond that—write his half-dozen verses without a false quantity;—if the daughter have made no blunder in her French exercise, and have “practised” her two hours with diligence and attention,—every thing is considered right and fitting. There may be even warm and sweet affection between the parties; but is that most powerful, as well as beautiful, engine applied by the parents to further those moral ends which we have mentioned above?—or is it merely felt as an object of present enjoyment, whose only use is that enjoyment itself?

For these reasons we cannot allow the present condition of the upper classes to be brought against us as an argument that Knowledge has the tendency to run parallel with Virtue—namely, not to meet it. We have not touched upon the point, what the intellectual cultivation of those classes really is, though a great deal might be said with regard to it. We lay down that, for the most part, their moral cultivation is most feeble and imperfect in youth; and that the amiable and virtuous people whom we meet become so, not so much from their direct education, as from applying reflection to the occurrences of life as they pass through it, and thus feeling the beauty and the wisdom of Virtue. Those with natural dispositions happy in all ways, and who have chanced to be exempted from strong temptation early, of course acquire *principle* the soonest; but we feel confident that both these, and others who, in gradation, from their gifts being fewer and their disadvantages more, have schooled their minds later and less—

\* It will be understood that we apply this term generally to the educated classes of the country.

we are confident that *all* have often bitterly regretted that this principle was not part of their inheritance from their parents, instead of their own painful earning.

What we have said about the absence of due attention on the part of parents, leads us to the consideration of one of Pestalozzi's most favourite doctrines, most strongly enforced in other works as well as Leonard and Gertrude, and with which our correspondent goes along. We allude to the passage on motherly influence, p. 147. With that principle we also fully coincide: we believe, with joy and thankfulness, that a mother's love, and a mother's influence, are always the most influential, and, when duly exerted, the best, means of forming the child's mind. But is she always capable of being of benefit? That "nature, and God its eternal creator have left" no *capability* "wanting," we are well inclined to believe; but that discretion in the use of that capability has been left to us, we cannot doubt. Else, whence the moral difference between one human being and another? We should be very loth to incur the charge of blasphemy; but we could wish that Pestalozzi had used this sweeping charge only against those "who maintain that [*most*] mothers have no desire to devote themselves to their children." But even granting that *all* have that desire, are all capable of using it to the best advantage? We heartily agree with our correspondent in the opinion that, although the principle of infant schools is excellent in cases where "mothers are necessarily often absent from their children, and are ignorant, and often worse than ignorant, no society can be equal to the provision of nature where that is duly administered." Most cordially do we concur with this; and the conviction that it is just leads us the more strongly to desire that the education of girls should indeed be *duly* carried on. They will one day be mothers, and their improvement would tend above all things to realize our hope of the rapidity of the ratio in which each new generation will rise in the scale of cultivation. For no one can surpass us in believing maternal influence to be, as it is the first, so also the sweetest and strongest of all powers of instruction.

To return. We cannot consent to ground our hopes of the benefits of education on the state, intellectual or moral, of the upper classes. We hope that the cultivation which the spirit now beginning to be diffused will tend to bestow upon all orders of the people, will be of a quality exceedingly different from that which now prevails. We doubt not that it will be more *useful*, in the best and most comprehensive sense of that word—morally, that is, as well as intellectually—spiritually as well as with regard to mere worldly thrift. We believe that it will naturally adapt itself to the wants and wishes of the time, with reference individually to each gradation of society. The spirit which is far spreading from the formation of three or four establishments, which it might seem invidious to others to name, will, we are sure, slowly but steadily operate great changes in our oldest and largest schools. The eyes of the public are becoming open to the necessity of their being much altered; and the public will not, in these times, be content to keep their eyes passively open upon a recognized evil. In the same way, we trust, the same spirit will operate in lower



quarters; but here, we think, it will meet with fewer difficulties. There are not the habits and the prejudices of ages to combat: it is much clearer ground, and may more speedily and easily be prepared for building. Pestalozzi, as has been seen in the extract, p. 145, speaks strongly against knowledge "which does not concern us." We think him too exclusive—for any innocent knowledge is better than none, inasmuch as it tends to produce, proportionately, intellectual habits, which certainly are better than animal ones. But we agree with him to the extent that it is most strongly advisable to begin, at the least, with knowledge fitted to the circumstances and wants of those to be instructed.

The question now is, how is such education to be given?—By what means is this inestimable blessing to be propagated? It would, indeed, be most difficult to chalk out a general plan which, at once, should embrace all that is to be desired on so extended and so diversified a subject—on *one* point, indeed, and that the most momentous of all, any general plan would be impossible. It will be seen that we allude to RELIGION. None but the most general doctrines—doctrines universally recognized by believers of all classes—can be touched upon in any general system of spreading intellectual and moral knowledge. The vast variety of sects render this absolutely *impossible*—for if any declaration were made in favour of one, the others would at once recoil.

And here we must raise our voice, with anxious entreaty, to such as hold the opinion sincerely, and with indignation and scorn against those who use it merely as a bugbear, a lying image to scare conscientious but unenquiring persons—as to the allegation that not declaring adherence to any particular system of religious opinions is, in fact, a denial of all. This has been urged by the enemies of knowledge with a fierce and venomous activity, made greater from the impossibility of individualization noticed above. They know that the strength of the Friends of Knowledge would be reduced into comparative inanition if their efforts were limited to one class of believers. And surely, with this most palpable reason for abstaining from details—even supposing, which is not likely, that the promoters of education were themselves all of one way of thinking—it is monstrous to allege, that the never using more than the most general language on the topic of Religion, is a token of indifference. No! as far as can be consistent with giving offence to none, that prospect of immortality which Revelation inculcates—that veneration for the Almighty, in which all classes of believers coincide, should be constantly held up as among the most needful motives of action—as calculated, above all things, to lead, through the prospect of the next world, to Virtue, and consequently to Happiness, in this.

It will be seen that our latter observations have pointed at some of the attacks made upon the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—a body which it is next to impossible to write on the subject of general education without alluding to. Much as we admire the principles on which that body is congregated, and all that they have done since their formation, we respect them only for their great efforts in the cause of intellectual cultivation; and if we thought they merited

what has been so maliciously urged against them, we would join in the blame as eagerly as we have now striven to refute it. But we consider that Society as having, in the midst of most various and numberless difficulties, done the good work of propagating sound and pure knowledge, without one iota of alloy to lessen its value.

We shall not be accused of being blind worshippers of the Society, when we say that we think that it is now time that they should do more than they have yet done in the nature of that moral instruction, to which we have attached such paramount importance throughout all that we have said. We are quite aware that every thing which has been published by them of a general nature, such as history and biography, has been composed in that spirit of "peace and good will towards men," which, especially after the long prevalence of an opposite practice, should be the pervading feeling of every well-wisher of mankind who now writes history. But, we confess, we would wish for something more immediately devoted to the inculcation of kindly feeling and strong principle—not in the direct nature of essay or dissertation—but in some shape in which the lessons would come in incidentally, and in a manner calculated to win as well as to teach. We do not see why the form of fiction—a philosophical novel, for instance, called by some simpler name—should not be adopted. It would not derogate from the title of the Society—for all "knowledge" leading to a good end must be "useful."

It is beside our present purpose, however, to enter into details like these. We hope that our suggestion, which we make in all respect and humbleness, may perhaps find favour in the eyes of the Society, unless indeed they may, as is exceedingly likely, have already formed some intention of the kind. We have great hopes, indeed, in this particular from their announced new series of a Library of Entertaining Knowledge. We proposed when we began this article, to have concluded with some observations upon the effects of Education, even in its present early state, upon crime. A valuable paper in the Society's Companion to the Almanac for the present year, would have furnished their groundwork. But after the very general discussion into which our subject has led us, we think that statistical details would probably be felt to be out of place. We shall, in all likelihood, say something on this subject in our next number.

We fear, that some of our readers may have thought that we have indulged too much in metaphysical discussion: but a subject of such a nature as the compatibility of the moral and mental advancement of mankind necessitates metaphysical enquiry;—and we believe we have given the results in language wholly free from any of the jargon which the perhaps fantastic accuracy of some of the modern systems has caused to be so often attributed to metaphysical language.

The subject of Education is one to which we attach an almost paramount importance, as affecting the progress of human happiness. We are always most anxious to remove any of the objections which, from time to time, are made to its diffusion—we may say painfully so, when any partial difficulties are stated as existing in minds which, naturally, should be all our own. The writer of the letter which has given rise to these observations, manifestly agrees in the advantage and im-



portance of the diffusion of even only intellectual cultivation: may we venture to hope that what we have said will shew to our friend, and those who think similarly, that mental is quite compatible with moral cultivation, nay, that it is calculated to assist it, and that EDUCATION, in its real sense, includes both? Long, long may Knowledge, Virtue, and *thence* Happiness, be its fruits!

## A LOOKING GLASS FOR THE COUNTRY.

### NO. I.—WINDSOR, AS IT WAS.

My earliest recollections of Windsor are exceedingly delightful. I was born within a stone's throw of the Castle-gates; and my whole boyhood was passed in the most unrestrained enjoyment of the venerable and beautiful objects by which I was surrounded, as if they had been my own peculiar and proper inheritance. The king and his family lived in a plain barrack-looking lodge at his castle foot, which, in its external appearance and its interior arrangements, exactly corresponded with the humble taste and the quiet domestic habits of George III. The whole range of the castle, its terrace, and its park, were places dedicated to the especial pleasures of a school-boy. Neither warder, nor sentinel, nor gamekeeper interfered with our boisterous sports. The deserted courts of the upper quadrangle often re-echoed, on the moonlight winter evenings, with our *whoo-whoop*; and delightful hiding places indeed there were amongst the deep buttresses and sharp angles of those old towers. The rooks and a few antique dowagers, who had each their domiciles in some lone turret of that spacious square, were the only personages who were disturbed by our revelry;—and they, kind creatures, never complained to the authorities.

But if the inner courts of Windsor Castle rang with our sports, how much more noisy was the joy in the magnificent play-ground of the terrace! Away we went, fearless as the chamois, along the narrow wall; and even the awful height of the north side, where we looked down upon the tops of the highest trees, could not abate the rash courage of *follow my leader*. In the pauses of the sport, how often has my eye reposed upon that magnificent landscape which lay at my feet, drinking in its deep beauty, without a critical thought of the picturesque! Then, indeed, I knew nothing about

“The stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights,”—

nor could I bid the stranger

“Th' expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey.”

My thoughts, then, were all fresh and vivid, and I could enjoy the scenes amongst which I lived, without those artificial and hacknied

associations which make up the being of the man. Great, too, was my joy, when laying my eye to the edge of the eastern wall, and looking along a channel cut in the surface, I saw the dome of St. Paul's looming through the smoke at twenty miles distance. Then, God be praised, my ear had not been shattered, nor my heart hardened, by dwelling under the shadow of that dome;—and I thought of London, as a place for the wise and the good to be great and happy in:—and not as an especial den in which

“All creeping creatures, venomous and low,”  
might crawl over and under each other.

The Park! what a glory was that for cricket and kite-flying. No one molested us. The beautiful plain immediately under the eastern terrace was called the Bowling Green;—and, truly, it was as level as the smoothest of those appendages to suburban inns. We took excellent care that the grass should not grow too fast beneath our feet. No one molested us. The king, indeed, would sometimes stand alone for half an hour to see the boys at cricket;—and heartily would he laugh when the wicket of some confident urchin went down at the first ball. But we did not heed his majesty. He was a quiet good humoured gentleman, in a long blue coat, whose face was as familiar to us as that of our writing-master; and many a time had that gracious gentleman bidden us good morning, when we were hunting for mushrooms in the early dew, and had crossed his path as he was returning from his dairy, to his eight o'clock breakfast. Every one knew that most respectable and amiable of country squires, called His Majesty; and truly there was no inequality in the matter, for his majesty knew every one.

This circumstance was a natural result of the familiar and simple habits of the court. There was as little parade, as can well be imagined, in all the movements of George III. and his family; and there was infinitely more state at such places as Stowe and Alnwick, than in the royal lodge at Windsor. The good man and his amiable family, perhaps, as a matter of policy, carried this freedom of manners to a little excess;—and it was from this cause that the constant attacks of Peter Pindar, in which the satire is levelled, not only against the most amiable of weaknesses, but against positive virtues, were so popular during the French revolutionary war. But, at any rate, the unrestrained intercourse of the king with those by whom he was surrounded, is something which is now very pleasant to look back upon. I have now no recollection of having, when a child, seen the king with any of the appendages of royalty, except when he went to town, once a week, to hold a levee; and then ten dragoons rode before, and ten after his carriage, and the tradesmen in the streets through which he passed duly stood at their doors, to make the most profound reverences, as in duty bound, when their monarch looked “every inch a king.” But the bows were less profound, and the wonderment none at all, when twice a week, as was his wont during the summer months, his majesty, with all his family, and a considerable bevy of ancient maids of honour, and half-pay generals, walked through the town, or rode at a slow pace in an open carriage, to the Windsor theatre, which



was then in the High-street. Reader, it is impossible that you can form an idea of the smallness of that theatre; unless you have by chance lived in a country town, when the assembly-room of the head inn has been fitted up with the aid of brown paper and ochre, for the exhibition of some heroes of the sock and buskin, vulgarly called strollers. At the old Windsor theatre, her majesty's apothecary in the lower boxes might have almost felt her pulse across the pit. My knowledge of the drama commenced at the early age of seven years, amidst this royal fellowship in fun;—and most loyally did I laugh when his majesty, leaning back in his capacious arm-chair in the stage-box, shook the house with his genuine peals of hearty merriment. Well do I remember the whole course of these royal play-goings. The theatre was of an inconvenient form, with very sharp angles at the junctions of the centre with the sides. The stage-box, and the whole of the left or O. P. side of the lower tier, were appropriated to royalty. The house would fill at about half-past six. At seven, precisely, Mr. Thorntou, the manager, made his entrance backwards, through a little door, into the stage-box, with a plated candlestick in each hand, bowing with all the grace that his gout would permit. The six fiddles struck up God save the King; the audience rose;—the King nodded round and took his seat next the stage;—the Queen curtsied, and took her arm-chair also. The satin bills of their majesties and the princesses were then duly displayed—and the dingy green curtain drew up. The performances were invariably either a comedy and farce, or more frequently three farces, with a plentiful interlarding of comic songs. Quick, Suett, and Mrs. Mattocks were the reigning favourites;—and, about 1800, Elliston and Fawcett became occasional stars. But Quick and Suett were the King's especial delight. When Lovegold, in the Miser, drawled out “a pin a day's a groat a year,” the laugh of the royal circle was somewhat loud;—but when Dicky Gossip exhibited in his vocation, and accompanied the burden of his song “Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man,” with the blasts of his powder-puff, the cachinnation was loud and long, and the gods prolonged the chorus of laughter, till the echo died away in the royal box. At the end of the third act, coffee was handed round to the court circle;—and precisely at eleven the performances finished,—and the flambeaux gleamed through the dimly-lighted streets of Windsor, as the happy family returned to their tranquil home.

There was occasionally a good deal of merriment going forward at Windsor in these olden days. I have a dim recollection of having danced in the little garden which was once the moat of the Round Tower, and which Washington Irving has been pleased to imagine existed in the time of James I. of Scotland. I have a perfect remembrance of a fête at Frogmore, about the beginning of the present century, where there was a Dutch fair,—and haymaking very agreeably performed in white kid gloves by the belles of the town,—and the buck-basket scene of the “Merry Wives of Windsor” represented by Fawcett and Mrs. Mattocks, and I think Mrs. Gibbs, under the colonnade of the house in the open day—and variegated lamps—and transparencies—and tea served out in tents, with a magnificent scramble for the bread and butter. There was great good humour and freedom on all these occasions;—and if the grass was damp and the young

ladies caught cold, and the sandwiches were scarce and the gentlemen went home hungry—I am sure these little drawbacks were not to be imputed to the royal entertainers, who delighted to see their neighbours and dependants happy and joyous.

A few years passed over my head, and the scene was somewhat changed. The King and his family migrated from their little lodge into the old and spacious castle. This was about 1804. The lath and plaster of Sir William Chambers was abandoned to the equerries and chance visitors of the court; and the low rooms and dark passages that had scarcely been tenanted since the days of Anne were made tolerably habitable by the aid of diligent upholstery. Upon the whole, the change was not one which conduced to comfort; and I have heard that the princesses wept when they quitted their snug boudoirs in the Queen's Lodge. Windsor Castle, as it was, was a sad patchwork affair. Elizabeth took great pains to make it a royal residence, according to the notions of her time; but there were many difficulties in converting the old fortress into a fit scene for the gallantries of Leicester and Essex. I have seen, in the State Paper Office, a Report of the Surveyors of the Castle to Lord Burleigh, upon the subject of certain necessary reparations and additions, wherein, amongst divers curious matters illustrative of the manners of that age, it was mentioned that the partition separating the common passage from the sleeping-room of the Queen's maids of honour needed to be raised, inasmuch as the pages looked over the said partition before the honourable damsels had arisen, to the great scandal of her Majesty's most spotless court, &c. Charles II. caused Verrio to paint his crimson and azure gods and goddesses upon the ceilings in the state-rooms of Windsor; and he converted the old Gothic windows into hideous ones of the fashion of Versailles. Anne lived a good deal at the castle; but comfort was little understood even in her day; and from her time, till that of the late king, Windsor was neglected. The castle, as it was previous to the recent complete remodelling, was frightfully incommodious. The passages were dark, the rooms were small and cold, the ceilings were low, and as one high window gave light to two floors, the conversation of the lower rooms was distinctly heard in the upper. George III. took a fancy to occupy the castle himself, from finding James Wyatt the solitary inhabitant of some magnificent apartments on the north side. The architect gave up his spacious studio; the work of reparation began; and the king, in his declining years, took possession of a palace full of splendid associations with the ancient records of his country, but in itself a sufficiently dreary and uncomfortable abode. He passed very few years of happiness here; and it subsequently became to him a prison under the most painful circumstances which can ever attend the loss of liberty.

The late king and his family had lived at Windsor nearly thirty years, before it occurred to him to inhabit his own castle. The period at which he took possession was one of extraordinary excitement. It was the period of the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon, when, as was the case with France, upon the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, "the land bristled." The personal character of the king did a great deal towards giving the turn to public opinion. His uncon-



querable perseverance, which some properly enough called obstinacy—his simple habits, so flattering to the John Bullism of the day—his straight-forward and earnest piety—and the ease with which he appeared to put off the farmer, and put on the soldier,—each and all of these qualities were exceedingly in accordance with the temper of the times. The doings at Windsor were certainly more than commonly interesting at that period ; and I was just of an age to understand something of their meaning, and partake the excitement. Sunday was especially a glorious day ; and the description of one Sunday will furnish an adequate picture of those of two or three years.

At nine o'clock the sound of martial music was heard in the streets. The Blues and the Stafford Militia then did duty at Windsor ; and though the one had seen no service since Minden, and most undeservedly bore the stigma of a past generation ; and the other was composed of men who had never faced any danger but the ignition of a coal-pit ;—they were each a remarkably fine body of soldiers, and the King did well to countenance them. Of the former regiment George III. had a troop of his own, and he delighted to wear the regimentals of a captain of the Blues ; and well did his burly form become the cocked hat and heavy jack-boots which were the fashion of that fine corps in 1805. At nine o'clock, as I have said, of a Sunday morning, the noise of trumpet and of drum was heard in the streets of Windsor ; for the regiments paraded in the castle quadrangle. The troops occupied the whole square. At about ten the King appeared with his family. He passed round the lines, while the salute was performed ; and many a rapid word of enquiry had he to offer to the colonels who accompanied him. Not always did he wait for an answer—but that was after the fashion of royalty in general. He passed onwards towards St. George's Chapel. But the military pomp did not end in what is called the upper quadrangle. In the lower ward, at a very humble distance from the regular troops, were drawn up a splendid body of men, ycleped the Windsor Volunteers ; and most gracious were the nods of royalty to the well-known drapers, and hatters, and booksellers, who had the honour to hold commissions in that distinguished regiment. The salutations, however, were short, and onwards went the cortège, for the chapel bell was tolling in, and the King was always punctual.

I account it one of the greatest blessings of my life, and a circumstance which gave a tone to my imagination, which I would not resign for many earthly gifts, that I lived in a place where the cathedral service was duly and beautifully performed. Many a frosty winter evening have I sat in the cold choir of St. George's chapel, with no congregation but two or three gaping strangers, and an ancient female or so in the stalls, lifted up to heaven by the peals of the sweetest of organs, or entranced by the divine melody of the *Nunc Dimittis*, or of some solemn anthem of Handel or Boyce, breathed most exquisitely from the lips of Vaughan. If the object of devotion be to make us feel, and to carry away the soul from all low and earthly thoughts, assuredly the grand chaunts of our cathedral service are not without their use. I admire—none can admire more—the abstract idea of an assembly of reasoning beings, offering up to the Author of all good their thanksgivings and their petitions in a pure and intelligible form

of words; but the question will always intrude, does the heart go along with this lip-service?—and is the mind sufficiently excited by this reasonable worship to forget its accustomed associations with the business, and vanities, and passions of the world? The cathedral service *does* affect the imagination, and through that channel reaches the heart; and thus I can forgive the solemnities of Catholicism, (of which our cathedral service is a relic,) which act upon the mind precisely in the same way. The truth is, we church of England people have made religion a cold thing by entirely appealing to the understanding; and then Calvinism comes in to supply the place of high mass, by offering an excitement of an entirely different character. —But where am I wandering?

St. George's chapel is assuredly the most beautiful gem of Gothic architecture. It does not impress the mind by its vastness, or grandeur of proportions, as York—or by its remote antiquity, as parts of Ely; but by its perfect and symmetrical beauty. The exquisite form of the roof—elegant yet perfectly simple, as every rib of each column which supports it spreads out upon the ceiling into the most gorgeous fan—the painted windows—the rich carving of the stalls of the choir—the waving banners—and, in accordance with the whole character of the place, its complete preservation and scrupulous neatness—all these, and many more characteristics which I cannot describe render, it a gem of the architecture of the fifteenth century.

As a boy I thought the Order of the Garter was a glorious thing; and believed,—as what boy has not believed?—that

The goodly golden chain of chivalry,

as Spenser has it, was let down from heaven to earth. I did not then know that even Edward the Black Prince was a ferocious and cruel spoiler of other men's lands; and that all his boasted meekness and magnanimity was a portion of the make-believe of those ages when *the people* were equally trampled upon by the victor and the vanquished. When, too, in the daily service of St. George's chapel I heard the words, "God bless our gracious sovereign, and all the knights companions of the most honourable and noble Order of the Garter,"—though I thought it was a little impious to parade the mere titles of miserable humanity before the footstool of the Most High, I still considered that the honourable and noble persons, so especially prayed for, were the choicest portion of humanity—the very "salt of the earth"—and that heaven would forgive this pride of its creatures. I saw the Installation of 1805; and I hated these words ever after. The old King marched erect; and the Prince of Wales bore himself proudly (he did not look so magnificent as Kemble, in *Coriolanus*); but my Lord of Salisbury, and my Lord of Chesterfield, and my Lord of Winchelsea, and half-a-dozen other lords—what a frightful spectacle of fat, limping, leaden supporters of chivalry did they exhibit to my astonished eyes! The vision of "thronged knights and barons bold" fled for ever; and I never heard the words again without a shudder.

But I am forgetting my old Sunday at Windsor. Great was the crowd to see the king and his family return from chapel; for by this time London had poured forth its chaises and one, and the astonished



inmates of Cheapside and St. Mary Axe were elbowing each other to see how a monarch smiled. They saw him well; and often have I heard the disappointed exclamation—"Is *that* the king?" They saw a portly man, in a plain suit of regimentals, and no crown upon his head. What a fearful falling off from the king of the story-books!

The terrace, however, was the great Sunday attraction;—and though Bishop Porteus remonstrated with his Majesty for suffering people to crowd together, and bands to play on these occasions, I cannot think that the good-tempered monarch committed any mortal sin in walking amongst his people in their holiday attire. This terrace was a motley scene.

The peasant's toe did gall the courtier's gibe.

The barber from Eton and his seven daughters elbowed the Dean who rented his back parlour, when he was in the sixth form,—and who now was crowding to the front rank for a smile of majesty, having heard that the Bishop of Chester was seriously indisposed. The Prime Minister waited quietly amidst the crush, till the royal party should descend from their dining-room,—smiling at, if not unheeding, the anxious inquiries of the stock broker from Change Alley, who wondered if Mr. Pitt would carry a gold stick before the King. The only time I saw that minister was under these circumstances. It was the year before he died. He stood firmly and proudly amongst the crowd for some half-hour till the King should arrive. The Monarch, of course, immediately recognised him;—the contrast in the demeanour of the two personages made a remarkable impression upon me—and that of the minister first shewed me an example of the perfect self-possession of men of great abilities.

After a year or two of this sort of excitement the King became blind;—and painful was the exhibition of the led horse of the good old man, as he took his accustomed ride. In a few more years a still heavier calamity fell upon him—and from that time Windsor Castle became, comparatively, a mournful place. The terrace was shut up;—the ancient path-way through the park, and under the castle walls, was diverted;—and a somewhat Asiatic state and stillness seemed to usurp the reign of the old free and familiar intercourse of the Sovereign with the people.

I was proud of Windsor;—and my great delight was to show the lions to strangers. There were always two staple commodities of this nature—the Round Tower, and the State Apartments of the castle—which were not affected by any of the changes of the times. The Round Tower has an historical interest of a certain kind about it, from having been the prison of the captive Kings of France and Scotland in the reign of Edward III. As we grow older this sort of charm becomes very worthless;—for, after all, there is just as much philosophical interest in the wars of the Fantees and the Ashantees, as in those of the French and the English for the disputed succession to a crown, the owner or pretender to which never dreamt that the possession or the winning imposed the least obligation to provide for the good of the people from whom they claimed allegiance. However, I used to feel this sort of interest in the place;—and when they shewed me the armour of John of France and David of Scotland, (as genuine

I dare say as any of those which Dr. Meyrick has consigned to plebeian shoulders, and much later eras) I felt very proud of my country for having so gloriously carried fire and sword to the dwellings of peaceful and inoffensive lieges. The Round Tower is a miserably furnished, dreary sort of place; and only repays a visit by the splendid view from its top. But it once had a charm, which, like many other charms of our boyhood, has perished for ever. There was a young lady, a dweller within "the proud Keep," to whom was intrusted the daily task of expounding to inquiring visitants the few wonders of the place. Amongst the choicest of them was some dingy tapestry, which, for aught I know, still adorns the walls, on which were delineated various passages of the piteous story of Hero and Leander. The fair guide thus discoursed thereon, with the volubility of an Abbé Barthélemi, though with a somewhat different measure of knowledge:—"Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the whole lamentable history of Hero and Leander. Hero was a nun. She lived in that old ancient nunnery which you see. There you see the lady abbess chiding Hero for her love for Leander. And now, ladies and gentlemen, look at Leander swimming across St. George's channel, while Hero, from the nunnery window, holds out a large flambeau. There you see the affectionate meeting of the two lovers;—and then the cruel parting. Ladies and gentlemen, Leander perished as he was swimming back. His body was picked up by Captain Vanslom, of his Majesty's ship *Britannia*, and carried into Gibraltar, where it was decently buried. And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the true history of Hero and Leander, which you see on that tapestry."—Alas! for the march of intellect, such guides are every day getting more and more scarce;—and we shall have nothing for our pains in the propagation of knowledge, but to yawn over sober sense for the rest of our lives.

The pictures in the State Rooms at Windsor were always worth seeing. But the number exhibited has diminished of late years. I remember the Cartoons there; and also remember that I did not know what to make of them. The large men in the little boat, in the *Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, were somewhat startling;—but then again, the Paul preaching at Athens, and the Ananias, filled me full of awe and wonder. I have a remembrance of a Murillo (a Boy and Puppies), which I have not seen of late years, and which used to hang at the end of Queen Elizabeth's Gallery; and I was amazingly taken with those two ancient pictures, the *Battle of Spurs* (I think) and the *Field of the Cloth of Gold*, which afterwards went to the Society of Antiquaries. I never could thoroughly admire King Charles's Beauties. I dare say they were excellent likenesses; for amongst them all, from Lady Denham to the Duchess of Cleveland, there was a bold meretricious air—anything but the retiring loveliness which always finds a place in the dreams of youth. The *Misers* is a favourite picture with every body, for its truth of delineation and force of character; and yet there is no great skill of the artist in this celebrated work of the Blacksmith of Antwerp. It certainly looks very like what it is represented to be—the work of a self-taught genius, labouring with irrepressible enthusiasm for a great object. I wonder if he painted as well after he married the maiden, whose hand he is said to have won by this proof of his dedication to love as well as to art.



St. George's Hall, about which so much has been talked, is sadly out of character with its chivalrous associations. Verrio, with the wretched taste of his age, has painted a Roman triumph on the walls, in which the principal personages are Edward the Black Prince and his royal prisoner of France; and with the same spirit of absurdity, and with a more hateful spirit of gross flattery, he has scrawled the ceilings of the whole palace with gods and goddesses welcoming Charles II. to their banquets. In one respect he was right; for this most mean and heartless profligate was a fit companion for the scoundrels of the Mythology—for the tyrant and the sensualist, the betrayer and the pander, whether called by the names of Jupiter or Bacchus, of Mercury or Mars. And yet this Verrio (insolent puppy!) has written up in this banquetting-room, set apart for high and solemn festivals—

“Antonius Verrio, Neapolitanus,  
Non ignobili stirpe natus,  
Molem hanc Felicissima Manu decoravit.”

The double conceit of the Italian,—his pride of birth, and his pride of skill in his art,—is altogether too ludicrous.

Next to St. George's Hall there was a Guard Chamber, with matchlocks and bandaliers, and such like curiosities, and a rapid sketch of the Battle of Nordlingen, painted for a triumphal arch by Rubens, worth all the works of Verrio, plastered as they are with real ultramarine. They say it was painted in four-and-twenty hours. Certainly genius can do great things. The last time I saw this Guard Chamber was on a solemn occasion;—but I shall never forget the scene which it presented. In costume, in arrangement, in every particular, it carried the imagination back three centuries. That occasion was when George III. closed his long years of suffering, and lay in state previous to interment. This chamber was tenanted by the yeomen of the guard. The room was darkened—there was no light but that of the flickering wood fire which burnt on an ancient hearth, with dogs, as they are called, on each side the room; on the ground lay the beds on which the yeomen had slept during the night: they stood in their ancient dresses of state, with broad scarves of crape across their breasts, and crape on their halberds—and as the red light of the burning brands gleamed on their rough faces, and glanced ever and anon amongst the lances, and coats of mail, and tattered banners that hung around the room,—all the reality connected with their presence in that place vanished from my view, and I felt as if about to be ushered into the stern presence of the last Harry,—and my head was uneasy. In a few moments I was in the chamber of death, and all the rest was black velvet and wax lights.

## STANZAS.

—  
To —

THE sun is in the West,  
The stars are on the sea,—  
Each kindly hand I've press'd,  
And now—farewell to thee!—  
Our cup of parting's done,  
'Tis the darkest I can sip,  
And I've pledged them, every one,  
With my heart, and with my lip;  
But I came to thee the last  
That in sadness we might throw  
One long look o'er the past  
Together,—ere I go.

I met thee in my spring,  
When my heart was like the fly  
That on it's airy wing  
Sports the live-long summer by;  
I loved thee with the love  
Of a wild, and burning boy,  
Thy being was inwove  
With my grief—and with my joy;  
Thou wert to me a star  
In the silence of the night,—  
A thing to see from far,  
With a fear—and a delight.

The hour of joy is gone.—  
When man and man depart,  
The deep-wrung hand alone  
May tell the anguish'd heart;  
No tear may stain the eye,  
And their parting look must be  
Like the stillness in the sky,  
Ere the storm hath swept the sea:  
But when we say farewell  
To her we love the best,  
One bitter tear may swell  
Nor shame the stoutest breast.

I would not that my name  
Should ever meet thine ear;  
I have smiles for men's acclaim,  
For their censure, not a fear:—  
Nor would I, when thy home  
Looks joyously, and bright,  
That the thought of me should come  
To sadden thy delight:



I would dwell a thing apart  
For thy spirit to descry,—  
A brightness on thy heart,  
A shadow on thine eye.

When the wine cup circles round,  
I will quaff it with the rest,  
But thy name shall never sound  
At the revel, or the feast :  
But with him who shares my heart,  
When the banquet-hall is lone,  
In one deep cup, ere we part,  
We will pledge thee—lovely one !  
Thy name I'll murmur then  
With a prayer, if heav'n allow,  
To embrace thee once again  
As close as I do now.

Beloved one—farewell !  
And tho' no hope be given,  
Thy name shall be a spell,  
To turn my thoughts to Heaven ;  
And thy memory to me,  
What the dew is to the rose,  
It shall come as gratefully  
In the hour of my repose ;  
It shall be—what it has been—  
A lamp within a tomb—  
To burn—tho' all unseen,  
To light—tho' but a gloom.

When the shade is on thy dwelling,  
And the murmur on thine ear,  
When the breeze is round thee swelling,  
And the landscape dark—and drear ;  
When no lover is beside thee  
To flatter—and to smile,  
When there be none to guide thee,  
And many to beguile,—  
When wither'd is the token,  
And all unlink'd the chain,—  
With a faith unwarp'd—unbroken,  
I may kneel to thee again.

## DIARY

### FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

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10th.—WE concluded our Diary, last month, with some notice of the Duke of Wellington's letter on the Catholic Question: we shall begin that for the present month with Lord Anglesey's. But, though the subject is the same, the task of commenting upon these two productions is, indeed, most different. In the present case, there is no need to strain the mind to guess the meaning of words, which, as their direct sense would involve an impossibility, must be used in some qualified signification. We do not find here hot and cold from the same mouth—a "sincere desire" expressed in one sentence, with a recoiling from putting it into action in the next. No; Lord Anglesey's letter is a fine, manly, outspoken effusion of a mind which is clear in its opinions, firm in its principles, generous in its feelings. It is one of the frankest and most direct professions of faith ever made by a man in high office. His lordship may be proud of the document in itself, and proud of the contrast it affords to the production of his superior—in military rank and political power.

We shall not enter into the turmoil that has been made about this letter having caused Lord Anglesey's recall, or being written in retaliation for it: for, it has been proved by dates—the most stubborn of all facts in a discussion—that the letter was not known in London when the recall was despatched, and that the recall did not reach Dublin till after the letter was written and sent. That Lord Anglesey might, when he thus addressed Dr. Curtis, have believed his recall to be highly probable, is a very natural supposition. But we wish to notice the letter itself, and not enter into the gossip about the moment of its composition.

The first thing which strikes you, is that the Lord Lieutenant had been kept in ignorance of the Duke of Wellington's opinion on the Catholic Question. On the subject which affected Ireland more than all others together, the Prime Minister had not condescended to inform the Viceroy what his views were! Truly, this self-enwrapped dignity—this silence of the oracle without its recompensing dicta—are pleasing qualities to bring into the government of such a country as our's! The first Lord of the Treasury leaves the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in ignorance of his "sentiments upon the present state of the Catholic Question"! If the Lord Lieutenant were not fit to be trusted, he ought not to have been there; if he were fit, he should not have been kept in ignorance on such a subject.

Lord Anglesey, then, proffers his opinion as to the most advisable course, grounded on his newly-acquired knowledge of the Duke of Wellington's views. He repeats his conviction of the impossibility of Ireland enjoying happiness or peace while Catholic emancipation is withheld, and expresses his disappointment at there being no pros-



pect of its being granted in the approaching session of Parliament. "I, however," adds his Lordship, "derive some consolation from observing that his Grace is not wholly adverse to the measure; for if he can be induced to promote it, he, of all men, will have the greatest facility of carrying it into effect." And then Lord Anglesey, with a forgetfulness of personal feeling, which, at that moment, proves beyond doubt that the good of Ireland was the idea paramount in his mind, urges that the Duke should be propitiated, "and that ample allowances should be made for the difficulties of his situation." He admits that he differs from the Duke as to the attempt to throw the question into oblivion for a time, because he does not believe it to be possible, and does not think it desirable, if it were. But while he urges the utmost forbearance and temper, he recommends the most constant and unceasing perseverance in pressing the question forward:—

What I do recommend is, that the measure should not be for a moment lost sight of; that anxiety should continue to be manifested; that all constitutional (in contradistinction to merely legal) means should be resorted to, to forward the cause; but that, at the same time, the most patient forbearance, the most submissive obedience to the laws should be inculcated, that no personal and offensive language should be held towards those who oppose the claims.

On the whole, we cannot look upon this letter otherwise than as a production calculated to do Lord Anglesey honour, both as to heart and to mind, at any time: but when we consider the circumstances under which it was written, it must encrease almost twofold our admiration of his temper, his magnanimity, his pure and fine singleness of public purpose, and his total carelessness of self.

Lord Anglesey's recall has now been announced; we may, therefore, take a quick glance at the brief period of his government. It is little more than a year since he went to Ireland, and undoubtedly there seldom has been a period of twelve months so productive of fame to an individual statesman. Lord Anglesey had certainly given the friends of religious liberty no ground for hope: his last public declaration on that subject had been singularly inimical to it. But his ideas must have undergone considerable change even before his going to Ireland; for he seems from the first to have determined to view every thing with fairness and impartiality, and to have most completely shaken his mind free from those sentiments of violence into which he had suffered himself to be betrayed with regard to Ireland. From his very arrival, he was immovable in his uprightness, and it soon became clear to him which side uprightness tended to foster. The Orange idea of uprightness is lop-sided to a very singular degree.

We remember, on Lord Anglesey's assuming the government, we feared that the old times of the Duke of Richmond were to be revived. It had been with pain we heard of his appointment, and with fear that we saw him go to fulfil it. But, from the first, he surprised all parties: he was mild, firm, and even-handed; there was no violence displayed, no corruption used—there was no appealing, as in the old times to which we have alluded, to a narrow

and bigoted set as to who should be named to such and such a place ; —in a word, the old Irish system of jobbery was not restored, as was fondly hoped by the one side, and dreaded by the other.

As the summer advanced, Lord Anglesey made journies through the country, and the answers he gave to the addresses presented, at once shewed that he was determined to act on the spirit of conciliation. We have turned to our number for last October, in which, in an article entitled "On the present State of Opinion in Ireland," we notice these speeches, which had occurred about a month before ; and we, even then, expressed our belief that Lord Anglesey was one of the most popular Lord Lieutenants that Ireland had ever had, and add our unqualified opinion that his popularity was more deserved than that of nearly all his predecessors\*. His speech to his tenantry at Carlingford completely set our minds at rest. It was his first public declaration in favour of Emancipation ; for, though he did not make it in direct terms, some of his expressions could bear no other interpretation without a mean duplicity quite foreign from Lord Anglesey's character at all periods of his life. From that moment, we were convinced he would keep on in his firm, straightforward, manly path ; and he has done so. With regard to one or two individual steps, we have differed from him ; but his general course has been that of an upright, temperate, and benevolent statesman. Truly, the two former qualities in a Governor of Ireland carry the latter along with it.

We, naturally, lament very sincerely Lord Anglesey's removal—and we doubt not that he himself regrets it from the conviction which he must have felt that the course of government he had adopted would prove beneficial to Ireland. But he will leave it with the consolation of having, in a period singularly brief, won both the admiration and the affection of at least eight tenths of the people over whom he was set to govern.

14th. Really the English are a most extraordinary people—(we believe, by the way, that the French, certainly the Parisians, are, on this point, just as much so)—in being run away with by a subject—a topic—the adventure of the moment, the talk of the day. These fits have reminded us of some pieces of music, that begin piano, and with only a few players, but the crescendo of which is awfully rapid, and brings all the instruments into action in a few minutes, at their very utmost pitch—trumpet, big-drum, double-bass, cymbals, and all !

Two such strains are at this moment going on in London—different in key, but similar in motivo. They unhappily occasionally cross each other, and, strange to say, with much less detriment to themselves than to the comfort of their hearers. Our readers will readily perceive that we allude to the two choruses of the Edinburgh Murders, and Rowland Stephenson's flight, which, for the last ten days or a fortnight, have been splitting the drums of all his Majesty's

\* We had not forgotten Lord Fitzwilliam ; but those were violent times, and we question whether his popularity was very extended. The ultra people on both sides were displeased with him ; for he neither encouraged rebellion, nor the outrageous oppression which produced it. Now, the one side has had less power, and the other more temperance.



liege subjects' ears. Because there have been atrocities committed in Edinburgh on poor defenceless wretches whose pitiable condition, or calling, necessarily puts them very much out of the pale of society ; because one banker, out of five hundred, has proved a rogue,—no one is to stir out of his door here in London without being murdered, or have an account, save at the Bank of England, without being robbed. A surgeon and a cannibal are convertible terms—banker and bandit are synonymous. The opening of the London University having raised the rent of the houses in that neighbourhood above the means of its former description of inhabitants, it is alleged that, taking warning by their unhappy sisters in Edinburgh, they have fled for fear of dissection ! and the financiers who hold correspondence with the public press in the shape of Constant Readers, and all the initials from A. to Z. and back again, have made the great commercial discovery that the only honest mode of banking is to keep all the money of all the customers in the house, ready for instant delivery ! Such a bank would be very *green* indeed ! It is true, it would evince noble disinterestedness for men to hire large houses from St. Paul's to Fenchurch Street, well barred and watched, with a large establishment of clerks, porters, partners, and what not, all for the sake of rendering the unselfish service of taking the care of their neighbours' money off their hands, being responsible for its safety, and pledged to its instant production on demand, for—nothing ! For, how the profit of a penny per cent. could be derived from a bank in which *all* the gold was to be kept, like the finches which bear its name, in a cage—and never for a moment let out for fear it should fly chirping away,—we leave it to the financiers above-named to discover. It would be amusing if they were made to realize their own projects for a few years.

We are quite ready to admit that the Edinburgh murders were very horrible—appalling. But, whenever a murder becomes a pet public one, the details quickly run into exaggerations so gross as to be manifestly absurd inventions—equally filthy in conception, and hurtful in effect, from rendering the minds of young and uninformed people injuriously familiar with scenes and images of blood. Instead of endeavouring to frighten weak people out of their wits, by telling them they could not walk from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, after night-fall, without being put to death, the press should, while lamenting that *any thing* could seduce human nature to the condition of Burke and Hare, have pointed out the true lesson to be derived from the occurrence, namely, that it displays the real wickedness to which the fostering of prejudice leads ; that the denying surgeons a legal mode of procuring the means *necessary* to learn to keep people alive, causes people to be killed directly by ruffians, to say nothing of indirectly by the ignorance which the holders of that prejudice are *forcing* upon the medical profession.

As for the attack which has been made upon the whole body of bankers, because Mr. Rowland Stephenson has absconded with his customers' money, it is a piece of injustice so extravagant, as really to fail of its intended effect from becoming ludicrous. An outcry has been made because some of the wealthiest men in England keep

carriages and country houses. We hate to allude to names; but why the partners of a dozen houses, perhaps double that number, that we *could* name, should not enjoy the profits of their industry and skill, we see no more than why the wealthiest of our list of lords should not keep establishments in proportion to their income. So that the amount of that income is kept duly in view, it matters not whence it arises, from land or ledger, from rents or *rentes*. For the rest, there certainly have, during the last century, been more swindling lords than fraudulent bankers; and we have not yet heard that peer and pickpocket are synonymous. Indeed, we think the outcry that has been made against bankers, because in the course of a vast number of years two or three knaves have been found among them, to be about as just as it would be to call the army cowards, because since the days of Marlborough some half dozen instances might be picked out of persons who had a singular predilection for safety—or to say that no member of the Church of England should be trusted with pen and ink, because Dr. Dodd was hanged for forgery.

—. Talking of pickpockets, we went yesterday to see Mr. Burford's Panorama of Sydney. Some of our facetious contemporaries have observed that so beautiful a representation of so beautiful a place is calculated to increase the number of "adepts at irregular appropriation;" or rather that larcenies will be perpetuated with a distinct view to detection, for the sole purpose of getting transported to our transporting antipodes. We are generally philanthropic, and therefore will give a few words of advice to those persons whose desire of travel exceeds their means, and yet who are so smitten with Sydney, (we mean no indelicate allusion to Lady Morgan) as to commit a sort of paying-in-kind larceny to defray the expenses of a "transit" to the other side "mundi." Luckily for them, as we were writing the words "talking of pickpockets," a friend of our's, who has been some few years at the bar, was announced, and on our mentioning to him the "case" on which we were advising, he was pleased to respond—"You advise! Pooh! Give your philo-locomotive clients the following opinion from me, upon the promise that the first who profits by it, and hits the exact mark of transportation, will duly give ~~me~~ the fee of the guinea which would otherwise have gone to one of the Old Bailey proficientes to get him off—for, as he will wish to be convicted, of course he will take care not to retain any of them.

"Imprimis, then, let them be aware that the point of actual transportation is a very nice one to hit. They have to steer through a passage narrower than that of the classic Colossus—one heel may be considered as representing the hulks, and the other the halter. Probably, in their ignorance, they know not that people transported for seven years are never transported at all. The Penitentiary impounds them, the hulks hold them fast. One instance is better than an hour's generalizing. Was not Carter, the pseudo-Champion of England, transported for seven years, and did he ever get farther than Chatham Dock-yard? But he was pretty-behaved there, and got out at the end of three years and a half, having been a sort of corporal for a considerable portion of that time, as I believe is the fate of all the



cream of that confraternity. But Carter, you know, was innocent, and convicted by mistake. All the Sporting papers assured us of it.

"Your clients, therefore, must take care not to commit too small a crime, or the only ships they will go on board will be off Woolwich, or moored in Portsmouth Harbour. I don't know whether any are sent to Pembroke Dockyard—but that's in *old* South Wales. But, then again, if, in endeavouring to reach a competency of crime, they get involved in the mazes of our very distinct law, the danger may probably be greater, for they may get *settled*, instead of going out as a convict. Instead of hearing a long yarn by moonlight, as they cross the line, on their way to the other side of the world, a shorter yarn, at sunrise, will prove a line that will cross them on their way out of the world altogether. No; the only way to hit the happy medium, is to read the fourth volume of Blackstone maturely—Hale and Hawkins with diligence and attention—Russell on Crimes, minutely—and the edition of Archbold, which has been published since Mr. Peel's and Lord Lansdown's Acts, with the most scrupulous and vital attention. This course of study, to people impelled equally by a desire to improve their lectorial powers, (from the beauties of style in which their subject naturally compels the above-named writers to abound,) and their residence, by a change from the middle of hot-water here, to the borders of the Pacific Ocean on the other side of the globe—with such persons this study will not occupy above seven years. If they be what they themselves would call 'cute, they may, by great good luck, find the clue to the labyrinth of the Minos who may preside at their trial. But I should rather fear that the learning of such a student might lead him to a capital end, and, you know, as Wolsey says—

'— when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.' "

Such are our friend's legal reasons against any *cove* making the attempt to reach *Sydney* by means of law. We will just give another reason. Let them look well at Mr. Burford's admirable view of the place of their desire. They will see natives employed in the amiable amusement of hurling lances at each other's bodies—the skill of the *bütt* equally displayed in warding off the weapon, with a huge buckler, as that of the darter of these keen sallies (qu. ? is the lance made of willow ?) is in aiming them. This game (which my legal friend calls a cricket in which no *bail* is taken)—is going on gaily before the eyes of the Governor, who is riding by in full costume: but there is also another group just passed from the light of his Excellency's countenance—a body of convicts, namely, going off, not at all gaily, from work, towards a large building in the distance, designated in the explanation as "Prisoners' Barracks." We fear, sadly, this sort of employment at the antipodes is a few degrees below honest work here, to say nothing of the agreeable company by which, in such a case, the traveller would be surrounded, in exchange for that of the kind friends, and the father and mother in whose hearts he has planted "the worm that never dies"—but nearly always kills, whom he has left in his early home in England. "Alas!" said our law-friend, in a more serious tone than he had hitherto used, "Would that this truth—for

it is but too true, indeed—were more known to these people before they go thither, or do that which sends them. No one would then say, what I have often heard at Assizes with a shudder, ‘Thank ye, my Lord,’ in answer to a sentence of transportation. The frying-pan may be no pleasant place, but what is that to the fire?”

But we will cast these painful associations on one side, and look at Sydney in every point of view, save that which caused it to exist. The climate of New South Wales and Van Diemen’s Land, we believe to be about the finest on the globe; the country is exceedingly fertile; and its facilities for breeding animals of all descriptions are wonderful. The rapidity of the increase of neat cattle, sheep, and horses, of which there was not one on the foundation of our settlement in 1778, is something wonderful. Nay, the human animal (of European stock) thrives there amazingly. The finest body of men we ever saw in our lives was the grenadier company of a regiment recently returned from New South Wales, nearly the whole of which consisted, as the officers assured us, of sons of convicts and some of settlers, who had been born and reared in the colony. The natives themselves, however, all accounts agree in representing as of the lowest grade in which human nature has ever been found. We believe them to be very brutal; even their courage has a tinge of stupid endurance, which is substituted for active and skilful bravery. In the little book of description sold at the Panorama, allusion is made to their mode of fighting with the club as being on the decline, in favour of our science of boxing! We conclude this is introduced as a sample of English civilization. This club-fighting is very curious; we have often had it described to us by the officers of the regiment to which we have already alluded. When two men agree to fight with the waddie, the native name for the club, they begin by trying to irritate each other by all sorts of taunts and grimaces. Each, in turn, runs up to his adversary, stoops his head into an horizontal position, and dares him to strike. Our informants assured us—and we heard it from various persons at various times—that they had seen this repeated several times on each side, without a blow being struck. We did not very clearly gather whether this forbearance arose from a point of honour, or why each tempted the other to give him a blow, applied with all his force, with a heavy club, upon his unprotected skull. At last, the temper of one gives way, he strikes his adversary with his full might, who drops as if shot. It is seldom, however, that death follows. The skulls of these savages are, as we have been informed, of a very different formation from those of Europeans. We have heard, though we fear not on medical authority, that they are double-lined, as it were, with a second, we suppose a thinner, skull throughout. But whether this be so or not, it is undoubted that their skulls are much thicker altogether than those of the European races; it matters little whether there be an interstice or not, in the middle of the bone. That there is a difference, is apparent from the fact that, after thus receiving a blow which would shiver even a Connaughtman’s head, accustomed from his birth to the anointment of shille-lahs, into fifty atoms,—the man, after a time, revives; and then his opponent is bound, by the laws of the lists, to hold his head down to be thumped at in turn. And this is sometimes done twice or three



times, on each side, till one is put *hors de combat*. We have been assured that, though death sometimes supervenes, in the majority of instances it does not. Boxing is not, perhaps, the highest instance of English refinement; but we really think it is an improvement upon this.

There is no representation of this game in the panorama; but there is of the hurling of darts, both at each other, and at birds—one of which is represented as falling transfixed. We conclude that it was Mr. Burford's object to bring all the most prominent customs of the colony into view, for we should scarcely conceive that the natives would carry on their trial by ordeal in public, in the outskirts of the capital, and, as in the panorama, with the governor riding by. The practice, we doubt not, is continued—for Mr. Burford's information is derived from Colonel Dumaresq, who is General Darling's aide-de-camp; and, we believe, relation also. But it surely must be done "unknownst." The following is the notice of the practice in the description:—"It is an established point, that, if a member of one tribe is killed by another, one of that tribe must be sacrificed, or the offender must withstand the attacks of the deceased's friends. On this occasion, as here represented, he is provided only with a shield of wood, with which, if expert, he defends himself for a considerable time from the spears cast at him, and escapes with only a few slight wounds."

We cannot think of attempting to describe in words such a *coup-d'œil* as the scene which Mr. Burford puts before the eyes at a glance. We confess, Sydney, in its localities, was not what we expected. The inlets of the sea were more like lakes, the hills were more like mountains—the ———— but we are describing, when we have just said we would not. Go and see it, readers, it will *amply* repay you.

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20th. We have just received the following from a correspondent in Edinburgh, with permission to print it if we like, but with a conviction expressed of certainty that we shall not. Begging our friend's pardon, we certainly shall: the more good-humouredly, perhaps, from finding that he has had the (what shall we call it?)—the—good-luck, suppose we say for modesty's sake—to hit upon exactly the idea with which we began our notice of the murders and bankruptcies, on the 12th. The very date of his letter, however, proves us to be Shakspeare—that we "thought of it first;"—however, as our MS. certainly has never had the honour of expanding its beauteous cheek in the Attic capital of Scotia, our friend could not have known that he was forestalled; and, therefore, cannot fairly be reduced to the grade of Mr. Puff. The main subject of the letter is, however, upon quite another point: we agree thoroughly with our correspondent, and shall subjoin a few remarks not in comment but addition. There are a few local matters introduced into the discussion—but they are only so local as to give an agreeable spice of description of foreign manners to its tone. Moreover, our Scottish readers,—who must be numerous both on account of our metaphysics, and of our writing their appellation "Scottish."

instead of "Scotch"—will be delighted to have one dram with the true twang of Auld Reekie about it:—

"Edinburgh, 14th January, 1829.

"There is very little going on in this modern Athens just now worthy of recording. Luckily, the excitement occasioned in London by the flight of Mr. Rowland Stephenson reached us, and relieved us, in some measure, from the Burke murders, which had been discussed and re-discussed, *usque ad nauseam*. They have been bad enough of themselves, but you must not take for granted all that 'that very very able paper,' the *Caledonian Mercury*, has written on the subject, though the editor be a whig\* like ourselves. The fact is, there is a struggle between two eminent anatomical lecturers, one of whom, *comme de raison*, wishes to *chasser* his rival, and our friend Mercurius has lent himself for the occasion. You may depend upon it, that the whole system was perfectly original, and that Messrs. Burke and Hare were the sole inventors and patentees; that the copartnery was in operation for only about ten months, and the number of victims having already fallen from *thirty-five*, to thirteen, (the devil's own number,) there are hopes that it may still be diminished on the investigation being completed.

"One thing you will notice with reprobation—the attempt making, through an anomaly in our law, to bring the wretch Hare to trial, and this in violation of the pledge of the Lord Advocate, and most strongly against his wish. This is to be done as a private prosecution, got up in the name of the nearest of kin of one of the sufferers. Do those who subscribe to it [in *money* as well as opinion: there is a subscription going on.—Ed.] think themselves acting honourably?—Oh, honour with such a miscreant!—Then you put yourself exactly on a level with him. But it was only the Lord Advocate whose honour was pledged. Did not the Lord Advocate act for the public? If Hare had not freely explained *every thing*, there would have been no clue to get at any of the murders. Oh, but we shall not try him for the murder for which Burke is to suffer. This is a miserable quibble. Hare disclosed every thing, and the murder for which Burke was tried, was selected as being thought the most easily proved to a jury. What pledge are you after this to give to a rogue of a king's evidence, when you reserve a quibble like this?—such a one as a set of pick-pockets would be ashamed to make use of! Oh, fie! but, *sit satis*. The attack of the newspaper I have mentioned upon the editor of the *Sun* for the harmless jocularity he used in denominating these murders as 'purely Scotch,' or some such term, was childish and ungentlemanly, and I understand has been settled in a manner both manly and gentlemanly by the *Sun* proprietor."

This business of the *Sun* we "know not of." We believe, from what we hear, that it really shines, and if it were but a morning

\* See what it is to be a provincial! We should as soon have expected to hear of a Yorkist or a Lancastrian, at this time of day, as a whig. Our correspondent, however, is only mistaken in date. Whig is tantamount to the hobbledehoy of what we hope we are now.—Ed.



Sun we should gladly gaze on it. But in London, one has to dine instead of reading the evening papers: at least, at this time of year, if one were to look in at the club late enough, one must give up that delicious hour before dressing or dinner, according to whether the repast be domestic or *en ville*, when, with back reposed in easy chair, and feet basking on the fender, with a reading-lamp on a small table placed at a judicious angle, we read the last new novel which a taster has recommended—one might be poisoned else. As for “taking in” an evening paper, we never heard of a single-man who did it, except a young Tory member who wants to see what the Courier (there never having been, for years, any ministerial morning paper to call a paper) says of his speech. No—evening papers are as peculiar to the country as clouted shoes or clouted cream. You will perceive, reader, that though in our “Room,” last month, we were a married man with seven children, we are single now in our Diary, and “live cleanly, as a *bachelor* should do.”

But, *passe pour cela*; we want to say how right we think our Scotch friend about the villany of “trying to try Hare,” as he expresses it in the envelope of his frank. (He did not make us pay Edinburgh postage for his lucubrations—faith, we would though, with all our hearts.) Nothing can be truer than if you behave like a rogue to a rogue, the next time you want a rogue he will say with more energy than good-breeding, “You be d——d; I won’t trust you. How did you serve Hare?” We will answer that. If Hare be tried, they will have served him with the basest treachery. It is not for the monster himself we care, though we do think that, whether there be honour among thieves or not, it ought to be kept towards thieves and villains of every denomination; but the great point is, you will vehemently injure the interests of justice: if you do not keep faith with king’s evidence, you will get no such evidence, and that is of use in two ways. In the first place, it enables conviction of the greatest crimes to be obtained, as the greatest are often committed in concert; and, we believe, it checks, in no great degree perhaps, but still somewhat, the commission of such crimes as need confederacy, for the rogues are afraid of trusting one another. The lawyers here will make a pretty clamour if this be suffered to go on. They were not pleased when that wretch Hunt was put upon his trial on the ground that the magistrate had no authority to make the promise he did; for without his confession the body would never have been found, and consequently no one could have been convicted. And this of Hare will be a grosser instance of treachery, for here the promise was made by the authorities. As for *which* murder it may be, that is utter nonsense. You would have known nothing about the murders if it had not been for Hare. You may have gained further information since, but the original clues were all obtained from him. The Lord Advocate will, of course, prevent his being hanged; but if he be tried, it will be of the highest detriment to the administration of criminal justice.

Our friend has added a few lines of Edinburgh gossip, which in his private epistle he repents of, and almost forbids us to publish. But

why? There is nothing at all doing in London; the pantomimes occupy our theatres, and the snow our streets. We have neither the notes of a Catalani at night, nor of a pack of hounds in the morning, like the happy modern Athenians. We have "*the Duke*," however, as well as our northern neighbours; but ours is the whipper-in as well as master of the hounds.

"Had it not been for these murders, the 'guid town' would have been very dull. A kind of typhus fever has prevailed and alarmed many families, and the gaieties usual at the season have not commenced. The theatre, as a provincial one, has an excellent corps, and I have my doubts if there be an actress so good as Mrs. Henry Siddons in town,\* nor any actor better than her brother, Murray.† They have lately revived the Hypocrite, and got it up very well: but no one goes to see them, which is quite disheartening:—late dinners and want of theatrical taste! Catalani, too, is here; but with her it is *de pire en pire*—her concerts do not *draw*. The Duke's‡ hounds *do*, however, and nothing can be in better order or more efficient than the pack. To-morrow I hunt with them, and dance at the Haddington ball at night, where all the county will be assembled. So, fourteen miles to covert reminds me to wish you good night."

[There certainly must be something extremely apposite in the simile which forms the subject of the following *morçeau* of our Diary, inasmuch as we find the very idea in an article which had not been received from its contributor, when this was sent to the printer. Our readers will find it just touched upon in the second page of this number. Perhaps many who read but never write (with a view to the glories of type), will exclaim against the possibility of the first leaf being printed after one in this part of the volume—but the initiated know that it is not only possible, but very often advisable, in a periodical work, to print the first *sheet* last.]

20th.—We saw last night the Critic, at Drury Lane; and we wonder extremely that the Duke of Montrose, who, in virtue of his office, exercises such a beneficial control over his Majesty's apparel, and the dramatic literature of his country, should have permitted the retention of a passage, which contains a decided allusion to the conduct of a certain distinguished character of the present day, who seems to have modelled his discharge of the duties of First Lord of the Treasury on the example of the Lord Burleigh of the Critic. Might we not have imagined that the silent Burleigh of the stage was the "Man of deeds, not words?" that Dangle and Sneer were

\* We have often heard this said before, and think it no very high compliment to Mrs. Henry Siddons to believe it; that is, always with one exception, for we have (alas! this season we have *not*) one actress here whom it is impossible to surpass—we need scarcely name Miss Kelly. We have not seen Miss Phillips at all often enough to judge whether we ought to add her to the exception; but Mrs. Henry Siddons is, as we understand, far more general in her *emploi*.—ED.

† This we never have heard said—and it is a widely different thing.—ED.

‡ *The Duke*, par excellence, now in Scotland, is he of Buccleugh. *Vide* his rent-roll. He is, moreover, deservedly popular. This is treating you a little after the fashion of the Sporting Magazine.



the carping, inquisitive politicians, who "want to pry into the plans of his Majesty's government?"—and Puff, one of those "moderate gentlemen" who "don't wish to hurry ministers"—who place great confidence in "the Duke," and feel sure that he means "to do something next Session?"

—"Puff.—Hush! vastly well! vastly well! a most interesting gravity!"

"Dangle.—What isn't he to speak at all?"

"Puff.—Egad, I thought you'd ask me that. Yes, it's a very likely thing, that a minister in his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk! But hush! or you'll put him out.

"Sneer.—Put him out! How the plague can that be; if he's not going to say anything?"

"Puff.—There's a reason! Why his part is to *think*; and how the plague do you imagine he can *think*, if you keep talking?"

Happy they, who, like Dangle, are converted by such cogent apologies for silence,—observe with strict respect the operation of thoughtful taciturnity,—and acquiesce in the subsequent interpretation of those mysterious shakes of the head, which are all that his Grace and his prototype find time to give in explanation.

"By that shake of the head, he gave you to understand that even though they (clearly meaning either the Catholics or the Brunswickers) had more justice in their cause, and wisdom in their measures; yet, if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people (*i. e.* in Irish elections, or English county-meetings), the country would at last fall a sacrifice, &c. &c."

"The devil! Did he mean all that by shaking his head?"

Yes—he did. And our modern Burleigh, by carefully observing the example of the Elizabethan premier, has discovered that silence is the very best mode of tricking the British people into confidence, because it can always admit of any interpretation which anybody may be interested in fastening on it, and because there is an old prejudice among Britons, that those who say least have most to say, Our Lord High Treasurer is "very perfect indeed."

25th.—The influence of national feelings and manners on governments is sufficiently apparent; nor is the reaction of governments on national manners at all less obvious. For instance, the government of Turkey communicates a tone of constitutional despotism to the domestic relations of the Ottoman people. Nor can anybody walk through a street in London, without perceiving that he is in a land in which the government consists of three estates equally balanced.

Indeed, it is pleasing to observe the extensive ramifications of the aristocratical feeling. The slightest details of parochial business are conducted on a constitutional model: the happy emulation of select vestries presents us with a miniature resemblance of the jobs and jobbers of the government: and the parishes of Marylebone, and St. Paul, Covent-garden, show that a petty irresponsible aristocracy can use their humble means for cheating and oppressing those who are committed to their charge, in a manner worthy of the Par-

liament that gave them their authority. Indeed, it is astonishing that the ingenuity of the "select" should have learned so quickly to wield the powers which were given by their "charte."

The "gens taillables et corvéables" of some parishes in the metropolis have lately begun to cry out. Meetings have been called, accounts have been overhauled, inflammatory speeches uttered, and resolutions of a most revolutionary tendency adopted by the virtually-represented "canaille." Chartered rights have been impugned—the vested interests of vestrymen openly attacked. The aristocratical quarter of St. James's echoes the seditious radicalism of St. Giles's; there are Humes in St. Marylebone—and St. George's, Hanover-square, calculates and calls for reports, and grumbles (*proh pudor!*) about pence.

The constituted authorities have behaved with a very laudable firmness in most instances. The Jacobin anarchy of St. Paul's Covent Garden produced last year a regular 18th Brumaire. The chivalrous Birnie proceeded to the assembly of the parish, surrounded by the army of Bow-street. Nor was he for a moment guilty of the cowardice of Napoleon; but turned the mal-contents out of the room with the decision of a Cromwell, and a suavity—peculiar to himself. We are sorry to see that Mr. Minshull is unworthy of his colleague; and that, on a late occasion, when the accounts of the parish were laid on the Table of Bow-street, he acted with such violence as to drive Mr. Halls (a rising Sir Richard) off the seat of judicature, and then actually taxed many of the items of the bill, an offence aggravated by his advancing the alarming doctrines that overseers may dine too well, even when the parish pays.

But in the parish of Mary-le-bone, we are sorry to see that the "Select" have been slightly intimidated by the threats of the "Tiers Etat," that they would apply to Parliament for redress of grievances, in fact for Reform. And on what plea? The *Examiner* of yesterday gives us the items of the Parochial Budget, which it thinks sufficient to insure success for the application to the House. Fear not, oh! Vestry—Let the fellows apply; and they will find that the Bill will plead in your favour with a Legislature whom you have imitated so well, and that their complaints will be treated with as much contempt as—a report of the Finance Committee. It will be urged, of course, that the rule of the "Select Vestry" has doubled the rates, and involved the parish in a debt of 227,000*l*. Alas! there is now no Pitt, no Castlereagh, and no Vansittart in that house—but there will not be wanting many on whom their mantle hath fallen, and who will show, to the satisfaction of an immense majority, that a parochial debt is as absolutely necessary to the existence of a parish, as a national debt to that of a nation; and that rates, like taxes, are a proof of the wealth of a parish as of a nation, and, indeed, tend to promote the accumulation of capital.

27th.—We remembered to have been so much touched by Mathews's narrative, in one of his *At Home's*, of M. Mallet's misfortunes as to his letter, that as soon as we saw a drama announced, founded on that story, we determined we would see it as soon as it appeared. We



accordingly went last night, and, undoubtedly, Mathews's representation of the old Frenchman was as beautiful a piece of acting as we ever beheld. We use the word "beautiful" quite advisedly—for the pathetic part of the performance completely bears away the palm from the ludicrous. There were, in many circumstances, traits—nay, whole passages—as powerfully and deeply *touching*, as we have ever seen given by any tragedian. It may seem fantastic to use the term "tragedian," in speaking of Mr. Mathews—but in that division of tragedy which belongs to pathos, we have, from various occasional indications, long been conscious of his excellence, although we never had an opportunity of seeing it so continuously as last night. There is far more scope for this in the new piece than there was in the anecdote, admirably as he recited it. In that he gave only the prominent points; he has now opportunity to add all the details of feeling, which he does with a skill and delicacy nothing short of admirable. We had seen mentioned by one (we forget which) of the papers, that the strange English in which these passages were expressed, caused laughter to subdue the rising of the softer feelings. We confess it had no such effect upon us—nor had it upon the audience generally; as was quite apparent, from there being, once or twice, a very visible indication of impatience, at one man in the gallery laughing mal-a-propos. There is, indeed, a reciprocal intelligence between the most general and deeply-seated affections of human nature, which, provided their emotion is conveyed, makes it signify but very little what the means of communication may be.

The interest of the part of M. Mallet by no means depends solely on the letter. The uncertainty, which its non-receipt produces, of the fate of his daughter—the gnawing anxiety which arises from that certainty—his retrospect of his own course through life, and of the misfortunes occasioned by public events, wholly beyond his control—his feelings at his loss of rank and fortune, and at his exile—his pride at having, amid the wreck of all else, "retained his honour"—his alternate rage at what he esteems ill-treatment, and the self-humiliation of an unhappy heart succeeding it—and, at last, his ecstasy at his daughter's restoration to him, and his gratitude to him who has afforded her protection and kindness in her distress, coupled with his prideful joy at being restored to his country, his possessions, and his rank—all these are embodied by Mr. Mathews in a manner which renders *the whole* as perfect a moral picture of the order of character which the combination of such feelings would produce, as it is possible for *our* imagination, at least, to conceive.

The piece, in the portion not relating to M. Mallet, is probably too much spun out. There is, however, a very extravagant, though very entertaining sketch (for it is not too much prolonged) of a Nigger Roscius, which is most irresistibly acted by Mr. Yates; and Wilkinson displays his usual dry and forcible humour in the Post-Master. Perhaps what may be called the intermediate parts of the piece might be shortened—that is, provided Mr. Mathews does not really require them for rest. His performance is, we repeat, excellent; and we recommend every one who admires the purely and perfect representation of the more amiable feelings, to go and see it.

# HOBBLEDEHOYS.

“Not a man—nor a boy,  
But a Hobbledelohoy.”—*Old Song.*

Oh there is a time, a happy time,  
When a boy is just half a man;  
When ladies may kiss him without a crime,  
And flirt with him like a fan:—  
When mammas with their daughters will have him alone,  
If he only will seem to fear them;  
While were he a man or a little more grown,  
They never would let him near them.

These, Lilly!—these were the days when you  
Were my boyhood's earliest flame,—  
When I thought it an honour to tie your shoe,  
And trembled to hear your name:—  
When I scarcely ventured to take a kiss,  
Tho' your lips seemed half to invite me;  
But, Lilly! I soon got over this,—  
When I kissed—and they did not bite me.

Oh! these were gladsome, and fairy times,  
And our hearts were then in their spring,  
When I passed my nights in writing you rhymes,  
And my days in hearing you sing:—  
And don't you remember your mother's dismay,  
When she found in your drawer my sonnet;  
And the beautiful verses I wrote, one day,  
On the ribbon that hung from your bonnet!

And the seat we made by the fountain's gush,  
Where your task you were wont to say,—  
And how I lay under the holly-bush,  
'Till your governess went away:—  
And how, when too long at your task you sat,  
Or whenever a kiss I wanted,  
I brayed like an ass—or mewed like a cat,  
'Till she deemed that the place was haunted!

And do you not, love, remember the days,  
When I dressed you for the play,—  
When I pinn'd your 'kerchief, and laced your stays,  
In the neatest and tidiest way!—  
And do you forget the kiss you gave,  
When I tore my hand with the pin;—  
And how you wondered men would not shave  
The beards from their horrible chin.

And do you remember the garden wall  
I climb'd up every night,—  
And the racket we made in the servants' hall,  
When the wind had put out the light;—  
When Sally got up in her petticoat,  
And John came out in his shirt,—  
And I silenced her with a guinea-note,  
And blinded him with a squirt!



And don't you remember the horrible bite  
 I got from the gard'ner's bitch,  
 When John let her out of the kennel, for spite,  
 And she seized me, crossing the ditch:—  
 And how you wept when you saw my blood,  
 And numbered me with Love's martyrs,—  
 And how you helped me out of the mud,  
 By tying together your garters.

But, Lilly! now I am grown a man,  
 And those days have all gone by,—  
 And Fortune may give me the best she can,  
 And the brightest destiny;  
 But I would give every hope and joy  
 That my spirit may taste again,  
 That I once more were that gladsome boy,  
 And that you were as young as then.

Σ.

January 21, 1829,

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### THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

#### No. XI.

WE are delighted when the authors, or compilers, or editors, or publishers of what are called Juvenile Works, favour us with early copies. We have an especial predilection for this sort of reading. The 'Child's Book' is to us much more amusing than the never-ending fashionable novel; and, moreover, we feel our critical step much more firm upon this ground, than upon the shifting sands of our every-day works of imagination. You of course know, reader, that we are a family-man; for with you we have no secrets: and we entreat you to give no credence to any one of our contributors, to whom we allow great license in the way of friendship, when he pretends to what he, unhappy man, would call the freedom of a bachelor. In this said capacity of the father of a very happy race of little people, we have, of course, great assistance in our critical vocation, when we discourse of the lore that pertains to childhood; and, in truth, before we offer an opinion upon any production of this class, we invariably test it by a jury of matrons. It is that circumstance which makes us feel safe in our seat when the labours of Mr. Harris, or Messrs. Darton, or Messrs. Oliver and Boyd (the Newberys of their age) come before us; and be assured that upon these weighty points we express no opinion which is not the result of most deliberate cogitation.

And do not think that in this particular we throw away our thoughts upon light matters. When we, good-humoured as we are, say a very civil thing of a new poem, or a romance; and when, there being some matters which we think worthy of blame, we in general leave the busy-ones of the circulating libraries to find them out, we do little harm: and, moreover, we encourage a very extensive employment of paper-

makers and compositors, to say nothing of the due encouragement of those who belong to the writing craft. Not that we ever prostitute our opinions to a publisher, or, what requires much greater self-denial, even to our friends. If our readers knew what struggles we sometimes have not to appear too highly to praise those we love—if they knew that we have sometimes even omitted to notice a book upon which the public eye is fixed, because the writer is *one of us*—they would give us credit for more than ordinary integrity in our vocation. But no more of this. We were about to say that we consider it a very serious duty to offer an opinion upon a *child's* book; for by that opinion some mothers, or others intrusted with education, might be guided—and the expression of a false or careless estimate of the value of a production might thus lead to serious mischief. Upon this point we have no right to trifle. We owe to the public sound opinions, if we can form them—at any rate we shall give them matured ones.

In all matters connected with education, the public taste, or rather feeling, has been gradually setting with a strong current towards the cultivation of the reason, in preference to the imagination. In many respects we cannot doubt the wisdom of this; for, in looking back upon the children's books of the last age, it would be difficult to find many in which matters of real utility are either systematically taught or incidentally alluded to. And yet, we confess, the reaction has appeared to us in some degree too strong; and we are not quite sure that in rejecting 'Fairy Tales,' and 'Tales of the Genii,' and even the pure parts of the 'Arabian Nights,' we act quite wisely. In the majority of children the imagination requires to be excited and cultivated quite as much as the reason; for through this excitement and cultivation, under due restraint, all the higher and better aspirations of our intellect must necessarily spring. The old nursery books were, we take it, always distinctly understood by children capable of understanding anything, to be fictions; and thus, in all ages, fables and parables, which are fictions upon the face of them, were held to be a proper medium of juvenile or of popular instruction. We think there is a great deal of philosophy in the playful lines of Cowper, on confabulation; and believe with him that the child who interprets to the letter,

A story of a cock and bull,  
Must have a most uncommon skull.

The nursery stories are, however, abolished. The child who knows thoroughly well that a wolf does not talk, and, moreover, cannot by possibility dress itself in an old woman's garments, must not hear a word of 'Little Red Riding Hood;' and 'Cinderella,' with its very charming lessons of meekness and patience, and the punishment of pride, must not be breathed into infant ears, lest it should be believed that fairies ride in chariots drawn by white mice, and that young ladies dance in glass slippers. And what have we got in exchange for the 'Ogre's' seven-league boots, and the wishing cap of 'Fortunatus?' Fearful tales of our northern superstitions, which tread so close upon the regions of reality, that the unhappy child with

— undoubting mind,  
Believes the magic wonders,



and is miserable, till the more palpable, but not more oppressive miseries of real life come to banish the dreaded vision from its dreams. We grieve to say it, that some of the tales which children must and will read—which, indeed, are studiously put in their way by parents, who will peremptorily forbid all the little books of the last age, and greedily take these substitutes, because they are written by gifted men, such as Scott and Lockhart,—‘Little Willie Bell,’ and others of similar tendency,—are calculated to produce evils of the most fearful character, because they are written with that verisimilitude under which a child cannot detect the falsehood. But there are, perhaps, greater evils than these to be found in the bulk of our children’s books. Many of them are little novels, which bring down all the petty vanities and passions of maturer life, to the level of the infant capacity;—and thus produce all that precocity in the knowledge of the things of the world, which is most of all opposed to the simplicity and purity of a youthful understanding. We can detect, in some of the little books which we feel it a duty to read, that despicable attention to what is called fashionable and genteel, which is the most disgusting characteristic of many of our modern novels. The papa and mamma of the little folks who figure in these productions, are generally people with carriages and servants out of number;—and so these unhappy children are getting into and out of the carriage, at every fifth page, to the infinite edification of that vast majority of children, who have the blessing of being born to walk, and to wait upon themselves; but who thus learn to repine at their own lot, and to be envious of those whose condition is not so happily cast as in the vale of mediocrity. And then, how these precocious personages, of nine or ten years old, almost invariably talk.—Ye gods! how they do talk. We have a little book before us,—

#### THE GIFT OF AN UNCLE;

in which the little heroine (a child of very tender years, we should presume, from the description of the astonishing kissing and waist-encirclings of her papa and mamma,) raves thus, about Ullswater:—“Can any prospect be more exquisitely lovely than this?—Observe the expanse of water sweeping along the base of yon gigantic precipice; the verdant margin of the lake dotted with cottages; the mixture of rich foliage, bare rocks, and gentlemen’s seats; do they not form a landscape, which even a poet’s imagination could not exceed?” But the young gentleman, her brother, who thinks that drinking-glasses are scooped out like wooden bowls, is a match for her. The tourists cross the pass of Llanberris:—“Surely!” cried William, “this is Nature, in ruins! Here, Chaos seems to reign, and universal desolation attends his nod!” Such errors, and grievous indeed are they, proceed from that besetting sin of most book-makers,—the love of fine writing. “When you have written any thing which you think particularly clever, always cut it out.” And yet there is a good deal of useful information in this little book, with all its faults of composition, its high-flown thoughts, its ambiguous and ungrammatical sentences.

We have mentioned this book particularly, as an exemplification of the great fault of many of the juvenile books which are devoted to the

cultivation of the reason. The writers appear to think that plainness of language and poverty of language are convertible terms. How egregiously are they mistaken. But we cannot object this to a book which has afforded us great pleasure, and which we consider one of the very few which a parent would willingly, because safely, put into the hands of a child. This is entitled

DIVERSIONS OF HOLLYCOT ;

and we have nothing to object to it but occasional carelessness of construction, which sometimes amounts to grammatical error.

In a little volume just published, we have two tales for children, apparently by different authors. The first

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY,

is by Miss Blackford ; and we regret to say to this lady that her story comes within the limit of our censure of highly extravagant and improbable plots and incidents, that give a false estimate of the realities of life, and unfit the child for a serious anticipation of its future duties. The second tale,

THE RING ; by an Englishwoman,

has interested us exceedingly. The design of the writer is admirable ; there is great knowledge of character displayed throughout this little production ; the language is forcible and simple ; and the principles inculcated truly excellent.

A SUNDAY BOOK

Consisting of short Sermons and moral Discourses for Young Persons, will, we think, be acceptable to many parents. It is very difficult to find amongst the admirable sermons of the church, any which are exactly adapted for the comprehension of young persons. We do not say that this book entirely supplies the deficiency ; and we fear that in many points it will be considered somewhat tame and commonplace. Several of the discourses are, however, very excellent ; and we would mention with particular praise those on Anger and Happiness. We cannot subscribe to all the positions of the author. For instance, he says, " Education is the instrument for the perfection of the work of creation. The elements of perfection are in ourselves when we are born, and those are our faculties ; which are, in all persons, equally capable of improvement, and, consequently, all persons are equally capable of attaining the highest pitch of mental excellence." There is only one objection to this doctrine, and that may be stated in two words—the experience of mankind, in all ages, and under all conditions of society, proves the contrary. We admit that all persons, unless there be some physical defect, are capable of attaining a *high degree* of mental excellence ; but to say that all men can attain *the highest* is just as reasonable as to maintain that all men may grow to six feet six if they do but train themselves properly for such growth. Children, above all others, should never have *false* encouragements applied to their industry ; and, therefore, it is unwise to say to a very volatile or a very dull child,—you may, if you please, be a Newton or a Pope ; although it is our duty



to say to all,—apply diligently to the attainment of sound knowledge, that you may be happy in yourselves and useful to others.

We must, however, not engross too much of our limited space by talking of these matters, at which some of our readers may sneer; as if *that* could be unimportant which regarded the welfare of the rising generation. In *their* proper instruction we must, after all, lay the foundation of all permanent schemes for the bettering of the human race, both physically and morally.

Connected with the subject of education, we have a debt to pay that we have considered for some time due. Our attention has been accidentally drawn to a new edition (the ninth) of a very useful book, with a very quaint title:

NATURE DISPLAYED, IN HER SYSTEM OF TEACHING LANGUAGES  
TO MAN\*.

M. DUFIEF'S system of teaching French has now long been published, and the different editions through which it has gone are the best proofs that can be adduced of its success, and, consequently, of its merit. Our notice of it will no doubt appear tardy; yet, upon an attentive re-perusal of M. Dufief's work, and upon a strengthened conviction that its plan and arrangement are good, we have felt almost bound to give it our public attention.

We had heard, some time ago, a great deal about this system, and we found that some of its warmest advocates rather impeded its progress by misrepresentation. Thus, it was said that M. Dufief had discarded grammar. Yet, it is sufficient to read the Introduction, in which the author gives so clear an account of his mode of proceeding, to be convinced of the fallacy of such an assertion. Far from doing so, M. Dufief, on the contrary, never loses sight of grammar. But, unlike his predecessors, he does not make it, at first, the principal object of the student's labour. He does not confine the learner to the dry rules of concord and syntax, but, blending together the different objects to which one must attend to acquire a language, that is to say words—idioms—phrases—distinction of parts of speech—reading—conjugation—*grammar*, he carries every thing *de front*. By this means, the pupil is encouraged, because, like the growing child, he feels his power daily increasing;—after each lesson he retires conscious of his own progress.

The greatest merit of M. Dufief's system is, in our opinion, its being so perfectly adapted to English people. If we attempt to speak or write a foreign language, nothing is more natural than to translate literally our own words, yet, nothing can be more incorrect if the genius of the two languages differ. M. Dufief has felt this strongly, and has consequently strenuously endeavoured to make his work particularly useful on this account. In the copious vocabulary he has given in his first volume, and of which we must praise the division, English and French are constantly brought in contact, and their points of difference rendered more striking.

We must, nevertheless, be candid with M. Dufief. We cannot exactly believe the application of his system so infallible, nor its suc-

\* Nature Displayed, in her mode of teaching Language to Man, &c. Ninth Edition. By G. N. Dufief. 2 vols. 8vo. London.

cess so rapid as he would wish us to think. The rapidity of the latter depends entirely on the most retentive memory (a faculty not very common),—on the greatest attention and docility,—and on a mode of discipline (we would almost say mechanical) to which few *English people* will submit.

#### THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

WE cannot resist this. Late though we be, we must say something of the new Quarterly, and postpone some of the small fry of Novels and Poems, to which we had intended to dedicate the remainder of our "Room." They are much obliged to the Quarterly, which never notices them itself, and which thus prevents others from noticing them.

In the first article, which is principally a review of 'Dr. Granville's Travels,' we think we recognize the hand of one of the oldest and most accomplished contributors of the 'Quarterly,' who never uses the whipcord except in right earnest, and who not only "cuts blocks with a razor," but batters the blocks to pieces, to shew how brainless they are. We are glad to see him again, in spite of his occasional prejudices, and his constant loftiness; and we delight in him more especially on this occasion, for he has cheated Murray, and betrayed the 'Quarterly' into liberality, in spite of Southey, and all the high and mighty councillors of Albemarle-street. This comes of having a contributor who will not submit to the pruning knife. Hear, and wonder, ye who chuckled over the frantic denunciations of the dangers of Popery, by the Laureate, in 'Quarterly' the last:—

Unqualified praise is given to the king of Prussia for having founded, in the year 1818, the university of Bonn, with a donation of the castles of Bonn and Poppelsdorf and the land belonging to them; establishing five faculties—three for jurisprudence, medicine, and general science, which includes all branches of literature,—and *two for theology, one for protestant and the other for catholic students. In that of literature, there is also a protestant and a catholic professor. This is certainly most liberal on the part of his Prussian Majesty, whose declared sentiments on this occasion reflect the greatest honour on his head and his heart.* 'I confidently hope,' his Majesty observes, 'that the university of Bonn will act in the spirit which dictated its foundation, in promoting true piety, sound sense, and good morals. By this my faithful subjects may know and learn with what patriotic affection I view the equal, impartial, and solid instruction of them all; and how much I consider education as the means of preventing those turbulent and fruitless efforts so injurious to the welfare of nations.'

Is not this excellent—*two* faculties for theology, one for protestant and the other for catholic students; and a protestant and a catholic professor in literature also; and then, this is most liberal on the part of his Prussian majesty, and reflects the greatest honour on his head and his heart. And so, the 'Quarterly' proclaims that toleration is the best gem in a monarch's crown, in spite of the Brunswick Clubs. Is it come to this? The conversion of Moore's Almanac to liberality is one of the standing miracles of the age; but it is nothing compared to the sudden change of the 'Quarterly.' Three months—three little months only. Well, then, the weathercock has *not* rusted to a point.

We can easily forgive the author of that excellent joke, the proposed voyage of discovery to Russell-square, for his delightful affectation of



believing that no one cares for the London University. "How can he imagine" (speaking of Dr. Granville) "that the public takes any interest whether Dr. Granville or Dr. Davis be appointed to deliver lectures, or anything else, even the young Alma Mater herself, in Upper Gower Street?" The affectation is pretty. And again, how delicious is the bit of mock-aristocracy about the German Universities:—

We have no fear, certainly, of Bonn, nor of Berlin, whose university contains upwards of sixteen hundred students. Should they venture to rebel, his Prussian Majesty would not hesitate to march the whole of them into the ranks; and, indeed, this would be a proper measure to pursue every now and then with regard to the German students: a set of young men who certainly pursue their studies with zeal, but who nevertheless are more brutal in conduct, more insolent in manner, more slovenly and ruffian-like in appearance, and more offensive from the fumes of tobacco and beer, onions and sour-cROUT, in which they are enveloped, than are to be met with in any other part of Europe. In a small town of a small state a German university is a horrible nuisance; and how the elegant court of Weimar, in particular, can tolerate the existence of one within an hour's ride of its palace, where we have seen ragamuffins fighting with broad-swords in the market-place, moves 'our special wonder.'

The tobacco and onions are the mortal sins.

After all, there are few men who could write such an article as this first of the 'Quarterly'—dashing and lively, witty and sarcastic—but with a strong vein of good sense running through it. The conclusion is important, for it smacks of official information:—

We are just in time to state the disastrous *finale*, which we have received from an authentic source, of the rash and precipitous invasion of the Turkish territory by Russia—that alarming invasion which, in the opinion of Lieut.-Col. Evans, demanded an immediate armed intervention of all the powers of Europe, to stay the overwhelming career of the autocrat, who aimed at little less than universal dominion. The Turks, however, have done it effectually of themselves, single-handed, without the assistance of any one power, European or Asiatic; and the Sublime Sultan may now boast, with the Roman warrior,

... 'like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your *Russians* in *Bulgaria*;  
Alone I did it.'

*Fluttered*, indeed, with a vengeance! The rout was complete; resembling, on a smaller scale, that of the French from Moscow. We are told that not a living creature escaped out of this horrible Bulgaria, save man—and he, bare and destitute of everything that constitutes a soldier—without arms, without accoutrements, without baggage, and, as the French would say, completely demoralized!—all the draft horses, and cattle of every kind; all those of the cavalry and artillery, dead;—all the guns, carriages, waggons, ammunition, and provisions, left behind as spoil for the Turks. The extent of these disasters is endeavoured to be concealed at Petersburg, where the war, from the first, was unpopular; but now men shake their heads, by which, like the shake of Burleigh's in the play, they mean a great deal, though they say nothing; and they are afraid to write, as all letters are inspected at the post-office. It is to be hoped that this disastrous campaign will have taught the young emperor a lesson of moderation, which will counsel him to seek for peace rather than conquest.

The second paper on 'Records and Registration' is very learned—and what is a rare case with very learned articles does not lack

amusement. We are really glad to see that the labours of the commissioners for inquiring into the laws of real property have the approval of 'The Quarterly;' and that these commissioners are described as pursuing their inquiries "diligently and ably." We are not suspicious of this praise; for we have reason to believe that neither official frowns nor smiles would deter the gentlemen who form this commission from a stern discharge of their duty. The principles laid down in this article are precisely those upon which the most important parts of the celebrated speech of Mr. Brougham, last session, were grounded. The reviewer speaks thus of a "general registration in England":—

It is evident that the present system is so ingeniously contrived, that it must be admitted to be wrong in whatever manner the question be decided. If the English statutes are advantageous, they ought to be forthwith extended to every county;—if disadvantageous, they should be forthwith repealed; for it is not easily reconciled to any sound principles of legislation that the law of real property should change on passing under Temple Bar—that there should be two different codes for Fulham and for Putney—for Holborn and High Holborn,—or that a protection against fraud should be afforded to Yorkshire which is denied to the men of Lancaster, on the opposite bank of the Ribble.

The article on 'Hajji Baba,' though somewhat late, is exceedingly clever. How true is the philosophy with which it commences:—

An old acquaintance of ours, as remarkable for the grotesque queerness of his physiognomy, as for the kindness and gentleness of his disposition, was asked by a friend, where he had been? He replied, he had been seeing the lion, which was at that time an object of curiosity—(we are not sure whether it was *Nero* or *Cato*)—: 'And what,' rejoined the querist, 'did the lion think of you?' The jest passed as a good one; and yet under it lies something that is serious and true.

When a civilized people have gazed, at their leisure, upon one of those uninstructed productions of rude nature whom they term barbarians, the next object of natural curiosity is, to learn what opinion the barbarian has formed of the new state of society into which he is introduced—what the *lion* thinks of his visitors. Will the simple, unsophisticated being, we ask ourselves, be more inclined to reverence us, who direct the thunder and lightning by our command of electricity—controul the course of the winds by our steam-engines—turn night into day by our gas—erect the most stupendous edifices by our machinery—soar into mid-air like eagles—at pleasure dive into the earth like moles?—or, to take us as individuals, and despise the effeminate child of social policy, whom the community have deprived of half his rights—who dares not avenge a blow without having recourse to a constable—who, like a pampered jade, cannot go but thirty miles a day without a halt—or endure hunger, were it only for twenty-four hours, without suffering and complaint—whose life is undignified by trophies acquired in the chase or the battle—and whose death is not graced by a few preliminary tortures, applied to the most sensitive parts, in order to ascertain his decided superiority to ordinary mortals? We are equally desirous to know what the swarthy stranger may think of our social institutions, of our complicated system of justice in comparison with the *dictum* of the chief, sitting in the gate of the village, or the award of the elders of the tribe, assembled around the council fire; and even, in a lower and lighter point of view, what he thinks of our habits and forms of ordinary life,—that artificial and conventional ceremonial, which so broadly distinguishes different ranks from each other, and binds together so closely those who belong to the same grade.

And now for Mr. Southey. 'Elementary Teaching' is a capital



specimen of the great merits and the great faults of this writer. The quantity of the odds and ends of knowledge which he brings to bear on every question is perfectly astonishing; and no man can tack his scraps together into a more appropriate or graceful garment. In this vesture there is nothing of the formality of the patchwork of indifferent artists—nothing of the violent contrasts of form and colour of which our grandmothers were so proud in their quilting: but the whole is a piece of beautiful embroidery, in which the old and the new are so intimately blended, that neither the ancient tatters of silk, nor the modern bits of buckram can be easily separated by an unpractised eye. The garment is a sightly garment—and it only lacks strength and durability. It will not stand a good tug. Nothing can be more delightful than Mr. Southey's account of the early history of scholastic education; and admirable, indeed, are the lessons which he draws from his storehouse of anecdote:—

Little did King Solomon apprehend, when his unfortunate saying concerning the rod fell from his lips, that it would occasion more havoc among birch trees than was made among the cedars for the building of his temple, and his house of the forest of Lebanon! Many is the phlebotomist who, with this text in his mouth, has taken the rod in hand, when he himself, for ill teaching, or ill temper, or both, has deserved it far more than the poor boy who, whether slow of comprehension, or stupified by terror, has stood entrussed and trembling before him. But the theory that severity was indispensably required had been formed to justify the practice—as theories never will be wanting in support of any practice, however preposterous and unjust—and then the practice must be continued to support the theory! Boys were flogged, not for any offence which they had committed, not for anything which they had done or left undone, not for incapacity of learning or unwillingness to learn, but upon the abstract principle that they ought to be flogged—and that, upon the authority of the wisest of men, the child would be spoiled if the rod were spared! Erasmus relates an atrocity of one whom he does not indeed name, but who is believed to be Colet, the dean of St. Paul's, a good as well as a munificent man; and, strange as it may seem, said by Erasmus himself to have delighted in children with a natural and Christian feeling: nevertheless he thought no discipline could be too severe in his school, and whenever he dined there, one or two boys were served up to be flogged for the dessert. On one such occasion, when Erasmus was present, he called up a meek, gentle boy of ten years old, who had lately been earnestly commended to his care by a tender mother, ordered him to be flogged for some pretended fault which the child had never committed, and saw him flogged till the victim was fainting under the scourge; 'not that he has deserved this,' said he aside to Erasmus, while this was going on, 'but it is fit to humble him!' These indubitable facts may render credible the commencement of Robert the Devil's career, as related in the romance; and the story of the schoolman, whom the boys put to death with their penknives.

Is not this capital?—Is not this a shaking of our old institutions with a vengeance? What, abolish the rod, Mr. Southey, in spite of King Solomon and Dr. Busby; in spite, too, let us tell you, of many of the Busbys of the present day? Why this is a fearful backsliding of the laureate—this is the "old Thomas Day" of the Joan of Arc times come back. And yet the man does not say a word that can affect any *living* human being. "Dr. Parr was the last learned schoolmaster who was professedly an amateur of the rod"—and "Charity-

schools seem to have been the last places in which the old system of barbarity was retained." Is the rod then abolished at Eton?—or Winchester? Are not young men of eighteen yet obliged to submit to this horrible degradation, this tearing up of all the feelings of decency and honour? And why do they submit? What is it restrains their natural impulse to spit at the ruthless pedagogue, and tell him that his enforcement of such a custom is a disgrace to the country and the age in which he lives? Because the slightest resistance would be followed by the dreadful and still more atrocious penalty of expulsion. We have stated in a former number what this penalty means—ruin for life. When Dr. Keate came to the head-mastership of Eton, he is said to have flogged eighty of the fifth and sixth forms for a month, on account of their non-compliance with a new, and to them arbitrary, regulation; and we have heard that within these few years one of three brothers, the major, the minor, or the minimus, was flogged every morning—for *stupidity*. And then Mr. Southey talks of these things, as if they belonged to a past age. We wish he had spoken of flogging, as a system, with the same indignation he speaks of fagging. These words, on *that* subject, are in the present 'Quarterly':—

There is nothing to be said in defence of the system which might not be applied in defence of the slave-trade, or the Turkish despotism; and it is to be hoped that public opinion will put it down before some flagrant case of brutality shall call for a public example.

We remember that it was considered a great piece of Jacobinism in the 'Examiner,' about ten years since, to write in much milder terms of this atrocity,

And yet the writer of this article in the 'Quarterly' *does* speak such home truths to the ears of those who would have scouted them from any professedly liberal writer, that we cannot but admire and quote:—

Whatever simplification was made in the old grammar, the method of teaching continued, till our own days, to be what Professor Pillans calls mechanical rather than intellectual. Milton complained that we did "amiss to spend seven or eight years in scraping together as much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year;" and he might have added—as is in one year forgotten by the greater number of those who have thus imperfectly acquired it. What was amiss in Milton's time has not been amended. It is observed by Paley that, at our public schools, "quick parts are cultivated, slow ones are neglected." The remark will hold good of all large schools, and of the large majority of smaller ones as well; and the reason wherefore there should be this general failure—wherefore so very few are made scholars so as to retain in after life the scholarship which they have acquired in boyhood—is, that few are under the necessity of keeping up their knowledge of this kind, few have the opportunity of exercising it, and fewer still the inclination. Of this, both boys and masters are, each in their station, sensible. The boy, unless he is destined for one of the learned professions, or has a disposition for learning, persuades himself that learning can be of no use to him; that he has been sent to school because it is the custom, and because his father was there before him; but that, as soon as he shall have left school, he may forget his Latin and Greek, as he very well knows his father has forgotten them, and as it is the custom to do. Thus, the whole thick-head family, and a great proportion, also, of those with better wits, who are born to fine linen and the silver



spoon, feel, think, speak, and act accordingly ; and thus, it should be added in justice to all parties, it is generally expected by their parents that they should act.

When, then, will ultimately reform the great schools—banish the flogging and the fagging systems—and make education to be, what the word really means—a preparation for the grave duties of after-life, and not a mode of spending the best years of youth in the most useless and uncomfortable manner that can possibly be devised?—The utter inability of the systems of those great schools to keep pace with the general intellectual improvement of the age ;—and the growing rivalry of a few schools, where not only what is really useful is taught, but where boys are treated as rational and accountable beings, and not driven into obedience like brute beasts—these things will work the reform. Already two or three of the public schools, which it would be invidious to mention, are falling into utter decay, and are become “the shadows of a shade.” And this will be the case with *all*, unless the principles upon which they are conducted are absolutely changed.—Hear ye, who talk of your superior acquirements, and look down upon the vulgar herd,—hear ye what Mr. Southey says of the condition to which ye are fast coming, if ye do not bestir yourselves in the *race* which ye are now doomed to run :—

In proportion as information is diffused among all classes, it becomes essential not merely to the well-being but to the stability of the state, that the education of the higher classes should be rendered more efficient ; and that they should take with them from our public schools and universities something more than the manners and spirit, and that sort of knowledge of the world which they cannot help acquiring there. For it is not to the hereditary nobility alone that considerable political power,—actual power as well as influence,—is intrusted by our practical constitution. Country gentlemen, and in a less degree those who are born to an inheritance of commercial wealth, have their share of this power, and are born also to the responsibilities and duties which power of any kind brings with it. Now it is for the general good, even more than for that of the privileged classes themselves, that their privileges, power, and influence should be preserved ; but this cannot be, unless the possessors show themselves worthy of the advantages which they enjoy, and able to defend and to maintain them. In a country like this, the constitution cannot be kept together by the attraction of cohesion : assailed it is, and shaken it may be, by some hurricane of popular opinion raised by political jugglers, who, like Lapland witches, “can sell a storm for a dollar, which for ten thousand they cannot allay.” Whatever is for the general good, whatever is just and reasonable, will ultimately stand : but unless they who shall be depositaries of this power, when the storm rages, are so qualified as to make it manifest that it is for the general good, and therefore reasonable and just and necessary that they should continue in their hereditary station, they must fall. It is no wisdom to dissemble this ; the way to overcome danger is to provide against it, and expect it, and meet it resolutely.

This is excellent. But why does Mr. Southey, while he speaks the truth himself, quarrel with others for speaking it ?

The schoolmaster, it has been said, is abroad. It was said in a tone and temper implying that, in the opinion of the speaker, certain of our institutions had as much to apprehend from the progress of popular education, as the Roman Catholic religion has to fear from the circulation of the Scriptures.

The temper in which these memorable words were used, as we understand them, was this—that the people, in the schoolmaster, had a shield against the possible oppressions of the soldier;—and that oppression of any kind, whether it came in the form of the power of the sword, or the power of the law, could not stand against that great principle, that government is for the good of all, and for the injury of none. This principle the people learn to assert with the tone of men knowing their own strength, when they understand, thoroughly, in the spread of general information, what are the real foundations upon which the rule of a free and an enlightened nation can alone be built. We entirely agree with Mr. Southey in the following, and many other passages, and cannot in the least understand wherein he differs from the warmest advocates of education; and why he talks of “the tares amongst the wheat,” when he alludes to those men, who, above all others, have made it necessary that the ‘Quarterly Review’ should write in such a style as this:—

The maxim that it is politic to keep the people in ignorance, will not be maintained in any country where the rulers are conscious of upright intentions, and confident likewise in the intrinsic worth of the institutions which it is their duty to uphold, knowing those institutions to be founded on the rock of righteous principles. They know, also, that the best means of preserving them from danger is so to promote the increase of general information, as to make the people perceive how intimately their own well-being depends upon the stability of the state, thus making them wise to obedience. Sir William D’Avenant, who lived in an age little favourable to the principles of free government, saw this truth distinctly. “The received opinion that the people ought to be continued in ignorance,” said he, “is a maxim sounding like the little subtlety of one that is a statesman only by birth or beard, and merits not his place by much thinking. For ignorance is rude, censorious, jealous, obstinate, and proud; these being exactly the ingredients of which disobedience is made: and obedience proceeds from ample consideration, of which knowledge consists; and knowledge will soon put into one scale the weight of oppression, and in the other, the heavy burden which disobedience lays on us in the effects of civil war; and then, even tyranny will seem much lighter, when the hand of supreme power binds up our load, and lays it artfully on us, than disobedience, (the parent of confusion) when we all load one another, in which every one irregularly increases his fellow’s burden to lessen his own.”

But Mr. Southey, while he quotes this excellent passage of D’Avenant, does not tell us wherein we, of these days, differ from that writer, who lived too near a period when men of all sides were apt to run to arms, for the redress of grievances, or the enforcement of tyranny. After the wars of the parliament, he might indeed be pardoned for perceiving only *one* political consequence of knowledge.—“Knowledge will soon put into one scale the weight of *oppression*, and, in the other, the heavy burden which disobedience lays on us in the effects of *civil war*.” But knowledge will do something more now-a-days. It will put into one scale the weight of the oppression;—and it will hang up the scale before the eyes of men, to shew what a hateful thing oppression is, and how it disturbs the happy equilibrium of the social state; and, one by one, it will throw its own arguments into the opposite scale—light as a feather perhaps at first, but gradually gathering weight and consistency—and, one by one, it will wring from its adver-



saries admissions and qualifications, (such as those now wrung from the 'Quarterly Review') which will swell, and swell the *counterpoise* of the oppression :—till, at last, the beam trembles—and the scale sinks—and the oppression altogether perishes, or leaves but "dust in the balance;"—and the schoolmaster triumphs, and rejoices, above all, that such wonders can be wrought by *his* ministry, and that the sword is but a feeble rush, when set against *his* power, which has taught men thoroughly to know, and, knowing, steadily to maintain,

"What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so."

We learn that Mr. Southey disapproves, in some respects, of the London University. We were prepared for this;—but we were not prepared for this capital preface to this disapproval, of which we must indulge ourselves in quoting some of the best passages :—

It is possible to raise the standard of knowledge in a community, as it is to raise the standard of comforts and there is not the same danger in raising it; for in the one case uneasy desires and habits of imprudent expenditure may be produced, but with the other the means of enjoyment are imparted, and that enjoyment is the only one in the indulgence of which there can be no excess, and from which no evil can arise. This point will not be contested. Neither is it a question of dispute whether the metropolis is the most convenient place that could be chosen in which to establish a third university. The colleges erected and to be erected in London, cannot have the effect of rendering such an institution less wanted in the north of England; neither could the foundation of one in the north lessen the necessity for these colleges in London, where the circumstances of the age require them. If the metropolis be, as certainly it is, the most unfitting place to which young men could be brought for collegiate education, who should be under no other restraint than the little which any collegiate discipline, consistent with the usages and spirit and feelings of this nation, can apply, it is as certainly the fittest place in which those who are already domesticated there can receive the education which it is now proposed to offer them,—the only place in which the greater number of them can receive it, and the most convenient for all, all things considered.

Wherefore, then, doth Mr. Southey quarrel with the founders of the London University, the necessity for whose foundation he so distinctly admits?—First, about a name. He calls the appellation "University, inappropriate and arrogant"—an "assumption of sovereignty;"—and in a note, in which he quotes Sir William Buck, from Mr. Dyer, he appears to think that such a title is already in force, and that the city of London might claim the dignity of University, seeing that it possesses those valuable institutions of learning, the four Inns of Court, the lesser Inns, and Gresham College. Truly, in many respects, the city of London, in these venerable institutions, offers a very happy likeness of what an University *was*, not many years ago, and what an University *might have long continued to be*, but for the general intellectual advancement of the people. In the four Inns of Court "where degrees are conferred," not a single qualification is required but the eating of a certain number of dinners;—and though lectures "were delivered there," in days long gone by, it was reserved for the London University first to teach the law student the *rationale* of his profession, by the most effective mode of oral instruction. Gresham College, too,

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is on a par with the absurdity of the teaching of the four Inns of Court;—or rather, it goes far beyond them in absurdity. Lectures, during a certain week, are ordered to be delivered in a room over the Royal Exchange;—we believe they must be in Latin;—no one goes to hear them, and that circumstance is a lucky one for the lecturer, seeing that no preparation is made, and, that if an audience did gather together, he would be sadly puzzled what to do with them. So much for Mr. Southey's University of the *City* of London;—and so much for the “arrogance” of those who, professing and teaching every branch of knowledge, (except that one branch, which the most richly endowed body of men in the world are especially appointed to teach, without fee, to all comers) call this institution “an University.” Thus it is with all such reasonings as the piece of logic before us, which clings to forms rather than to realities;—and would prefer the ghost of some piece of antiquity to uphold, than the real flesh and blood vigour of an establishment suited to our times, and doing an infinity of good, at a moderate cost, to all who put themselves under its guidance. We rejoice to say that number is not a small one.\*

But we come at last to the old objection on the score that Divinity is not systematically taught at the London University; and here Mr. Southey presses into his service pamphleteers and paragraph writers, as if he was proud of the meanest ally, and doubtful of his own unaided prowess. Mr. Southey, however, is sufficiently bold in his

\* Amongst the great advantages of this University to those inhabitants of London who are disposed to cultivate the elegant branches of learning, we think it no mean benefit that, at a convenient hour, and for a very trifling expense, they may attend lectures on the literature of the modern languages. The professors, in these departments, are all exceedingly able men;—and most of them are distinguished as popular writers. The professor of Italian literature, well known as an accomplished scholar, will deliver a course of twelve lectures on the *Orlando Innamorato* of BOJARDO, and BERNI's *Rifacimento*; the *Morgante Maggiore* of PULCI; the *Orlando Furioso* of ARIOSTO; the *Amadigi* of B. TASSO; the *Ricciardetto* of FORTIGUERRA. In the delivery of these lectures abstruse criticism will be avoided, as it is intended to render them interesting, even to persons to whom the study of Italian literature is a matter of mere recreation. The following among other points, will be discussed. A short historical review of the chivalrous ages will be given, wherein some of the various stories of the *romanesque* poets will be traced to their first sources, and thus the history of this species of poetry will be inquired into. The main subjects of the several poems will be so separated, that the individual order and connexion of their plans may become evident, in spite of the variety of incidents. The characters of the most remarkable personages will be analyzed and compared. The kind of machinery employed by these poets will be examined, and its peculiarities pointed out and illustrated. The art with which the episodes are introduced, and the beauty of some of them (both as abstract compositions and constituent parts of a whole poem) will be considered. The descriptive powers of the poets will be weighed, and the general qualities of their style will meet with attention. With reference to the qualities of style, the real merits of BERNI's *Rifacimento* will be investigated, and the charms of ARIOSTO's diction particularly attended to. Original matter will be distinguished from imitations; and what is singular and peculiar from what may be considered as parallel similarities. Authors will be compared one with another, so that they may be severally and duly appreciated. That his arguments may be better understood, the Professor will illustrate them with appropriate quotations. These lectures will begin about the middle of February; and we have the highest expectations they will be productive of great pleasure, as well as the most solid benefit, to those who are fortunate enough to have opportunities of attending them.



assertions, to be able to stand alone ; and he calls nick-names, as if he had never felt their annoyance. " That the scheme, as originally framed, would have tended to loosen and dissolve the ties by which men are attached to the constitution of these kingdoms, we know ; and that it was intended to do so we believe." So says the reviewer. How then—have you not told us " ignorance is rude, censorious, jealous, obstinate, and proud—these being exactly the ingredients of which disobedience is made ;" and will a university in which the useful and liberal arts, the sciences, professional learning, and elegant literature are taught, be an exception to your general rule ? But then there is no divinity chair ; and " those who are of any denomination which ends in *ist* or *arian*, will properly encourage the college in which any religion may be taught, or none." We, individually, have a deep regard for the church of England—but we have not, therefore, a contempt for those who dissent from her doctrines. We neither undervalue their numbers nor their power ; and even Mr. Southey dare not undervalue the piety of the greater proportion of them. Have the members of these sects, whom even the most intolerant would not scruple to call Christians, made a rout about this non-teaching of theology in the London University, the stale bug-bear and party-cry against it ? Look at the names of its council. There is indeed no bishop there—we wish there had been—but there are several men whom some of the best bishops of the present day would embrace with the warmth of Christian fellowship, and own that their motives were above all suspicion. These men are not afraid to leave their young men, in religious matters, to the care of their parents or guardians, and to the guidance of their spiritual pastors. It is the ordinary course of society with regard to young men, after they have passed the age of the mere schoolboy. And why, then, is the church of England to be afraid of the same course ; as if its doctrines would incur the danger of falling into disesteem, if they were not made irksome and ridiculous, as the matin and evening bells of Oxford and Cambridge make them. The truth is, the church will be exclusive, even in matters which do not belong to church discipline ; and it has a right to be so if it please, for it is rich enough, and powerful enough. But why will its mistaken supporters quarrel with others, because they are not exclusive also ? The church has a right, of course, to its colleges in London ; but it has no right to say that those are " indifferent to all religion " who send their children to a place of instruction where there are *no* exclusions ; and that those " who are attached by feeling and principle to our free constitution in church and state, must necessarily prefer the King's College." We believe that some of those who are most warmly attached to this constitution, and who have no feeling but that of goodwill towards the church, would rather that she did not make arrogant pretensions to superior holiness, which only cause her adversaries to laugh at her. The reviewer very properly says of these institutons, " There is room enough for both ;" but this room is not honestly to be gained, by narrowing the ground upon which either ought to stand.

The fifth article of the present Number is a most interesting notice of Clapperton's 'Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa,' writ-

ten with that intimate knowledge of the subject, and with that agreeable manner of imparting such knowledge, which has given the 'Quarterly' a deservedly high reputation for its mode of treating matters connected with geographical Discovery.

The sixth and seventh articles,—the one, Equitable Jurisdiction over Parents and Children, the other, on the Trade of the United States with the West Indies, we have not had time to peruse.

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We have many books on our table which shall receive a speedy notice; our space at present will only allow us to say a word of a pretty trifle,

#### THE MUSICAL BIJOU.

We ought to have noticed the 'Musical Bijou' at the beginning of the year, inasmuch as it is one of the 'Annuals'—but it is a fitting gift to a fair lady at any season, and needs not the new year to make it acceptable. It is indeed exceedingly suitably got up: the prints are pretty, the songs are pretty, the whole thing is pretty. The waltz, Weber's last composition, is attractive for its own merit, as well as from the singular interest which its being the last effort of a great genius must necessarily throw around it. There are also some very pleasing verses by Sir Walter Scott. But besides these gems, the general character of the whole is extremely agreeable, and singularly well-fitted to make the work a welcome present to the piano-fortes of our fair friends.